



For weighty Numbers, sense, mysterious wayes
Of happie Wit, Great Cleauland claimes his Baies.
Sepultus Colleg: Whitintonij. 1. May An^o: 1658.



*For weighty Numbers, sense, mysterious wayes
Of happie Wit, Great Cleauland claimes his Baies.*

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J. Cleaveland Revived:

**POEMS,
ORATIONS,
EPISTLES,**

And other of his Genuine
Incomparable Pieces.

With some other Exquisite Remains of
the most eminent Wits of both the Uni-
versities that were his Contemporaries.

This third Edition, besides many other
never before publisht Additions, is en-
riched with the Authors *Midsum-
mer-Moon, or Lunacy-
Rampant.*

Being an University Character, a short Survey of
some of the late Fellows of the Colleges.

Now at last publisht from his Original Co-
pies, by some of his intrusted Friends.

Non norunt hac monumenta mori.

London, Printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the
Angel in Cornhill. 1662.

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To the Discerning READER.

Worthy Friend, there is a saying,
Once well done, and ever done:
the wisest men have so considerately acted
in their times, as by their learned Works, to
build their own monuments, such as might
eternize them to future Ages: our *Johnson*
named his, *works*, when others were called
Playes, though they cost him much of the
Lamp and Oyl; yet he so writ, as to oblige
Posterity to admire them: our deceased
Heroe, *Mr. Cleaveland*, knew how to differ-
ence legitimate births from abortives, his
mighty Genius anvil'd out what he sent
abroad, as his informed minde knew how to
distinguish betwixt writing much and well;
a few of our deceased Poets pages being
worth cart-loads of the Scriblers of these
times. It was my fortune to be in *Newark*,
where it was besieged, where I saw some
Manuscripts of *Mr. Cleavelands*, amongst
others I have heard that he writ of the
Treaty at *Uxbridge*, as I have been inform-
ed since by a person I intrusted to speak
with one of *Mr. Cleavelands* noble friends,

To the Reader.

who received him courteously, and satisfied his Enquiries; as concerning the papers that were left in his custody, more particularly of the Treaty at *Uxbridge*, That it was not finish'd, nor any of his other Papers fit for the Press. They were offer'd to the judicious consideration of one of the most accomplished persons of our Age, he refusing to have them in any further examination, as he did not conceive that they could be publish'd without some injury to Mr. *Cleveland*; from which time they have remained sealed, and lockt up: neither can I wonder at this obstruction, when I consider the disturbances our Author met with in the time of the Siege, how scarce and bad the Paper was, the Ink hardly to be discerned on it; the intimacy I had with Mr. *Cleveland*, before and since these Civil Wars, gained most of these Papers from him; it being not the least of his misfortunes, out of the love he had to pleasure his friends, to be unfurnisht with his own Manuscripts, as I have heard him say often, *He was not so happy as to have any considerable Collection of his own Papers, they being dispersed amongst his friends;*

To the Reader.

friends; some whereof, when he writ for them, he had no other answer, *But that they were lost, or through the often reading, transcribing, or folding of them, worn to pieces*; so that though he knew where he formerly bestowed some of them, yet they were not to be regained; for which reason the Poems he had left in his hands, being so few, and of so small a Volume, he could not (though he was often solicited with honor to himself) give his consent to the publishing of them, though indeed most of his former printed Poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added, to make up the Volume; at the first some few of his Verses were printed with the Character of the *London Diurnal*, a fittcht Pamphlet in quarto: Afterwards, as I have heard Mr. *Cleveland* say, the copies of Verses that he communicated to his friends, the Book-seller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they sold him another impression; in like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable Verses or Prose) posted off other Editions, whereas this Edition hath the happiness

To the Reader.

ness to flourish with the remainder of Mr. *Cleavelands* last never before printed Pieces. I acknowledge I receiv'd many of these last new printed Papers from one of Mr. *Cleavelands* near acquaintance, which when I sent to his, ever to be honoured, friend of *Grays-Inn*, he had not at that time the leisure to peruse them; but for what he had read of them, he told the person I trusted, That he did believe them to be Mr. *Cleavelands*, he having formerly spoken of such Papers of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember: My intention was to reserve the Collection of these Manuscripts for my own private use; but finding many of those, I had in my hands, already publisht in the former Poems, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwardnesse of the Press, I thought my self concerned, not out of any unworthy ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceased friend, to publish these his other Pieces in Latine and English, & to make this to be like a volume for the study. Some other Poems are intermixed, such as the Reader shall finde to be
of

To the Reader.

of such persons as were for the most part Mr. *Cleavelands* Contemporaries; some of them no less eminently known to the three Nations. I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his Genuine Muse, as not to discern his Pieces from any of the other Poems; neither can I believe there are any persons so unkind, as not candidly to entertain the heroick fancies of the other Gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this Volume; some of their Poems, contrary to my expectation, I being at such a distance, were before in print, but in this third Edition I have crossed them out, only reserving those that were excellently good, and never before extant, the Reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them. Thus having ingenuously satisfied thee in these particulars, I shall not need to insert more; but that I have, to prevent surreptitious Editions, published this Collection; that by erecting this Pyramid of Honour, I might oblige posterity to perpetuate their Memories, which is the highest ambition of him, who is,

Newark, Nov.
21, 1658.

Yours in all virtuous endeavours,
E. Williamson.



The Stationer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, Thy free Acceptance of the former Editions, encouraged me so far as to use my best diligence to gain what still remained in the hands of the Authors friends. I acknowledge my self to be obliged to Mr. *Williamson*, whose worthy example Mr *Cleavelands* other honours have since pursued. I shall not trouble thee, Reader, with further Apologies, but onely subscribe Mr. *W. W.* his last Verses in his follow-
Elegy on Mr. Cleaveland.

*That Plagiary that can filch but one
Conceit from Him, and keep the Theft unknown;
At Noon from Phoebus, may by the same sleight,
Steals Beams, and make 'em pass for his own Light.*

*On Mr. John Cleaveland. pictured with
his Laurel.*

Great storm of Wis, whose fierce sharp wounding rods,
Did awe the Pow'rs, and discipline the Gods,
Whose singeing lightning falls on all he meets,
Granado's Satyrs, Balls of Wilde-fire greets
The Kirk, the zeal o' th' Scottish Nation,
He flung at all as vengeance were his own;
Monster of reason, and deep sense! what praise
Can reach thy Muse? Cleaveland commands his Bays.

E. W.

A N

A N E L E G Y,

In Memory of
Mr. *John Cleaveland*.

SOON as a Verse, with feet as swift as thought,
The stabbing News of *Cleaveland's* Death
had brought

To sad *Parnassus*, the distracted Nine
First in a dismal shriek their Voices joyn:
Which the fork't-Hill did Eccho twice, and then
Each eye seem'd chang'd into an *Hippocrene*;
As if like *Niobe* 'twere their intent
To weep themselves into his Monument:
Nor did their grief exceed their Loss; his Quill
More love and honour gain'd to th' *Muses* Skill,
Then all those *Modern Factions* of *Wit*,
Such as 'gainst *Gondibert*, or for him writ;
And such, whom their *Rhymes* so much do affect
To be esteem'd o'th *Court* or *Colledge* Set; (hold,
Whose Lines with *Cleavelands*, such proportion
As the *New-Court*, and *Colledges*, with th' *Old*:
How lofty was his Strain? Yet clear and gaven,
The Center o's Conceptions was Heaven:
'Twas not his *Muses* toyl, but ease to soar,
He writ so high, 'cause he could write no lower;
And though the *World* in *English* Poetry,
No *Monarch* knew so absolute as He;

Yet

Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

Yet did he ne'r Excize the Natives ; nor
Made Forreign Mines unto his Mint bring Oar.
He, his own Treasure was ; and as no Quill
Was Guide to his, so shall his Verse be still
Un-imitated by the best ; and free
From meaner Poets Petti-larceny :
That Plagiary that can filch but one
Concept from Him, & keep the Theft unknown,
At Noon from Phæbus, may by the same sleight
Steal Beams, and make 'em pass for his own Light,
W. W.

An Elegy, offered to the Memory of that Incomparable Son of Apollo, Mr. John Cleaveland.

GRIEF the Souls Sables, in my bosom lies
A true Close-mourner at thy Obsequies,
Whilst tears in floods from my o're-charg'd eyes
With grief to drown the little world of man. (ran
He that survives this Loss, may justly say,
His Soul doth pennance in a sheet of Clay,
And rather welcome Death, then patient sit
To solemnize the Funeral of Wit.

The Painter *Agamemnons* face did screen,
Drawing the Sacrifice of *Iphigene*,
To shew his grieved looks as well as heart,
Did far transcend the humble reach of Art ;
So when all's said, that can be said, we finde
There's nothing said, to what he left behinde.

But his all-searching soul scorning to be
Confin'd to th' limits of Mortality,

Shook

Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

Shook off its clog of flesh, that ponderous mass,
His Spirit freer than his Countrey was ;
For Fate his Life might circumscribe and bound,
But in his Circle Wit, no end is found.
His Wit, Oh Miracle ! (for who is he
Dares name his Wit without an Extasie ?)
That Wit which was to several Tenants let,
In him as in their proper Landlord met ;
For what in others petty sparks was found,
In him's contracted as one Diamond :
His rayes ne're darkned, but with lustre wun,
He with his Eagle-eyes out-star'd the Sun :
He was a fountain, whose pure stream did grow
Unbounded, never us'd to ebb, but flow,
As ever new, still streaming fresh delights,
And never so low drawn, as to run whites ;
For in Discourse his Wit did never rest,
When others were aground with one dry jest :
Nor did his meagre looks proclaim that he
Did pine in study for his Poetry,
Like such pale Apparition's ghost-like elves,
That fatten paper, and yet starve themselves,
Whose *Pireskean* Pictures seem to be
Diseas'd, with time decay'd Antiquity ;
Though for his strongest Lines in Verse & Prose
He travel'd hard, yet he no flesh did lose :
In others what comparatively's found,
In him superlatively did abound :
No Vice the anger of his Pen could slip,
Who did whole Nations to Repentance whip.

His

Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

His honest Soul in Consultation fate,
Unmasking Vices, both of Church and State;
It was not power, but justice made him write,
No ends could *May-like*, turn him Parasite.
The Cause by Candles-end he did not rate,
When others Pens did Truth assassinate:
By danger heightned, and made nobly fierce,
Nor was his Prose less biting then his Verse.
His Rebel *Scot*, was not a smarter Satyre,
Then his Diurnal, and Diurnal-maker:
He made the Devil blacker; drest in white,
Proving the Zealot the worst Hypocrite,
Pulling the Veil from the Reformers face,
He left the Rebel to supply his place.
(He that affirm'd 'gainst sense) snow black to be,
Might prove it by this Amphybologie:
Things are not what they seem, we may suppress
Some Crimes, and raise the Devils Holiness.
The Presbyterian he did un-nest,
With the whole kennel o'th' two-footed Beast,
Fed with the Bishops, and the Clergies blood,
Right *Canabals* that made the Church their food.
The Senate *Sir Johns* appetite did prove,
And paid him part of his Arrears in Love.
The barbarous Scots are stigmatiz'd by him,
For their Rebellion, our Apostate *Pim*;
Nay, the just Fury of his Pen had thrown
The Nation too into oblivion,
Had not the fam'd *Montrofs* put's anger by,
Rais'd th' *Highlands* higher in their Loyalty;

And

Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

And *Rupertissimus*, consecrated wars,
By giving *Smec* so many hideous scars.

J. M.

*An Elegy on Mr. Cleaveland, and his Verses
on Smeſtimnus.*

Poor Dablers all bemir'd, that spur their lank
Pegasus, from shoulder to the flank,
When weather-beaten in a shower of Sack,
Jogg still as things bejaded ride in black,
Who t'reach the Muses seat, lash and put on,
But fall short, and draw Bit at *Trumpington*:
See with what pangs they labour, and produce
A still-born Poem, and then hug their Muse.
Others like Chymists thrive, who fain would win
By force what God and Nature ne're put in,
Yet these bear name and voice: the smallest Boat
Appears, if in the narrow *Thames* it float,
But vanisheth away in the vaste Main,
Which was before the Rivers Sovereign:
Such was the fate of my weak Streams, that ran
To drown themselves in th' unbound Ocean,
And lose their name in His, to whom the Nine
Bow down, and render up their sacred shrine.
We poor Retainers angle for a thin
Fancy, his like a Drag-net sweeps all in;
And as Gold-drivers that make spangles rare,
Do beat the yielding mettall into air:
As Generals in war their strength contrive,
To make three troops of men seem more than five
We

And

Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

We practice frugal wit, and play't at length,
In sleek and smoothest numbers without strength.
His like the swift sure Ship is firmly built,
Of deepest bottom, and most stately gill;
If number wants there, as in ruins, th' face
Though rough, betrays the treasure of the place.
We struggling, words into their fetters frame,
As Printers use to fit and joyn the same.
His large Commands have all in power to chun
And 'tis the greatest labour to refuse:
We seldom shoot to make some glimpse of day,
His thick as *Atomes* in the Sun-shine play;
And therefore (Sir) just is the Accusation
You'r charg'd with, this strong Accumulation
Subverts the Fundamentals, 'tis your crime
T' upbraid the State Poeticks of this time
With wit so insolent, though *Phæbus* be
The Pleader, our Votes ne'r shall set you free,
For *Smei* 'tis sure the conquest all is mine.
See how the Vipers through the Amber shine,
And bravely carv'd as Indians joy to see
Themselves so cut, although in imagery.
And tell me when *Domitian* slew the Fly,
Did he deserve the Laurel Victory?
Had brawny *Hercules* the *Hydra* slain,
So much beneath his strength, wer't not a stain
To all his former labors, and a brand,
Such as to melt with Distaff in his hand?
'Twas *Smei*'s ambition (Sir) thus to stand high,
And be conspicuous, though o'th' Pillory:

Then

ELEGIES.

Then as you love Religion surcease;
 For now the Knaves begin themselves to please.
 Since they'r vouchsaf'd the Pen, the monstrous fry
 Like Serpents with fair speckles strike the eye.
 I've seen a Toad by curious art so dress'd,
 Ladies have hugg'd the venom in their brest:
 Forbear hereafter, *Vice*, to paint so well,
 Such draughts may hapt'enlarge the pow'r of hell:
 See writ by *Ben*, inspir'd by lusty wine,
 We love *Sejanus*, and bold *Cataline*.

*The Elegy made upon Mr. J. Cleaveland's Death,
 cryed i'th' Streets, he being then in a good dis-
 position of Health.*

HE whom the *Muses* have for-bid to dye
 Durst *Ignorance* (Arts Enemy) bely,
 To Rhime him dead? She as well might say,
 That he like other men was common Clay;
 Or that his soul had nothing in it higher,
 Than poor *Promethean* Poets, meer stoln fire.
 But when His shall disrobe it self, it shall be se'd;
 He's gone to sleep alone in *Fames* high Bed,
 B'ing both the Nations, and the *Muses* Wonder;
 Where all Poeticks else may truckle under;
 For 'tis impossible Him to entomb,
 For whose Fam'd-Name all *Brittains* Isles want
 room.

J. Parry.

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J. Cleaveland Reviv'd.

*Upon the K I N G S Re-
turn from Scotland.*

(hence ;

Return'd? I'll ne'r believ't, first prove him
Kings Travel by their beams and influence:
Who sayes, the soul gives out her guests, or go's
A flitting progress 'twixt the head and toes?
She rules by omnipresence; and shall we
Deny a Prince the same ubiquity?
Or grant he want, and cause their knot was slack,
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack:
Yet as the Tree at once both upward shoots,
And just as much grows downward to the roots;
So at the same time that he posted thither,
By Counter-stages he rebounded hither.
Hither and hence at once; thus every Sphere
Doth by a double motion enter-fere:
And when his Native form inclines him East,
By the first mover he is ravisht West.
Have you not seen how the divided Damme
Runs to the Summons of her hungry Lamb?

But when the twin cries Halves, she quits the first,
 Natures *Commendum* must be likewise nurst,
 So were his journeyes, like the Spiders spun
 Out of his bowels of Compassion,
 Two Realms, like *Cacus* so his steps transpose,
 His feet still contradict him as he goes.
Englands return'd, that was a barren soil ;
 The bullet flying makes the gun recoil :
 Death's but a separation, though indors'd
 With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd ;
 Our soul hath taken wing, while we express
 The corps returning to our principles.
 But the Crab-tropick must not now prevail,
 Islands go back, but when you're under sail ;
 So his retreat hath rectifi'd the wrong :
 Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
 Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,
 Nor fears, like th' Amazon, to lose her breasts :
 Her means are safe, not squeez'd until the blood
 Mix with the milk and choke the tender brood.
 She that hath been the floating Ark, is that
 She, that's now seated on mount Ararat. (thus,
 Quits *Charles*, our souls did guard him northward
 Now he the Counterpane comes South to us.

News from Newcastle : Or, Newcastle Coal-pits.

England's a perfect World, hath *Indies* too,
 Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Peru* !
 Let the haughty Spaniard triumph till 't's told,
 Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold :

This

This will sublime, and hatch the abortive Oar,
 When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
 No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross,
 Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the dross.
 For mettals, *Bacchus* like, two births approve,
 Heaven heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.
 Thus Art doth polish Nature, 'tis the Trade,
 So every Madam, hath her Chamber-maid.
 Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd,
 'Tis most contemptible when made a god.
 All sin and mischief hence have rise and swell,
 One *India* more would make another hell.
 Our Mines are innocent, nor will the North
 Tempt poor mortality with too much worth.
 They'r not so precious, rich enough to fire
 A Lover, yet make none Idolater.
 The moderate value of our guiltless Oar,
 Makes no man Atheist, nor no woman whore.
 Yet why should hallow'd Vestals sacred shrine,
 Deserve more honour then a flaming Mine?
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
 Then a few embers for a Deity.
 Had he our *Pits*, the *Persian* would admire
 No Sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
 He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
 Our profound *Vulcan* 'bove that *Waggoner*.
 For wants he heat? or light? or would have store
 Of both? 'tis here: and what can Suns give more?
 Nay, what's the Sun but in a different name,
 A *Coal-pit rampant*, or a Mine, or Flame?

Then let this truth reciprocally run,
 The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
 A Sun that scorcbeth not, lockt up i'th' deep,
 The Lions chain'd, the Bando^g is asleep.
 That tyrant *Fire*, which uncontrol'd doth rage,
 Here's calm and hush, like *Bajazet* i'th' Cage;
 For in each *Coal-pit* there doth couchant dwell,
 A muzzled *Aetna*, or an innocent Hell:
 Kindle the cloud, you'll lightning then descry,
 Then will a day break from the gloomy skie,
 Then you'll unbutton, though *December* blow,
 And sweat i'th' midst of isicles and snow,
 The Dog-dayes then at *Christmas*: thus is all
 The year made *June*, and Equinoctial.
 If heat offends, our *Pits* affords us shade,
 Thus Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made:
 What need we Baths? what need we bower, or
 A *Coal-pit's* both a Ventiduct and Stove. (grove?
 Such *Pits* and Caves were palaces of old,
 Poor Inns. (God wot) yet in an Age of Gold.
 And what would now be thought a strange design,
 To build an house was then to undermine:
 People liv'd under ground, and happy dwellers,
 Whose jovial habitations were all Cellars;
 These primitive Times were innocent, for then
 Man who turn'd after Fox, made but his den.
 But see a Fleet of Vitals trim and fine,
 To court the rich *Infanta* of our Mine,
 Hundreds of *Grim Leanders* do confront,
 For this lov'd *Hero*, the loud Hellisfont.

'Tis an Armado Royal doth engage
 For some new *Hellen*, with this equipage:
 Prepared too, should we their Addressee bar,
 To force this Mistress with a ten years war;
 But that our Mine's a common good, a joy,
 Made not to ruine, but enrich our *Troy*.
 But oh! these bring it with them, and conspire
 To pawn that Idol for our Smoke and Fire.
 Silver's but Ballast, this they bring on shore,
 That they may treasure up our better Oar:
 For this they venture Rocks and Storms, desie
 All the extremity of Sea and Skie.
 For the glad purchase of this precious mould,
 Cowards dare Pyrats, Misers part with Gold;
 Hence is it when the doubtful Ship sets forth,
 The naving Needle still directs it North,
 And Nature's secret wonder to attest,
 Our *Indies* worth discards both *East* and *West*
 For *Time*: Not onely fire commends this spring,
 A *Coal-pit* is a Mine of every thing.
 We sink a Jack of all Trades, shop and sound,
 An inverse Burse, an Exchange under ground.
 This *Proteus* Earth converts to what you'll ha't,
 Now you may wear't to Silk, now com't to Plate,
 And what's a Metamorphosis more dear,
 Dissolve it, and 'twill turn to *London Beer*;
 For whatsoe'r that Gawdy City boast,
 Each moneth doth drive to our attractive Coast.
 We shall exhaust their Chamber, and devour
 Their Treasures of *Guild-hall*, & Mint o'th' *Tower*,

Our *Staiths* their morgag'd streets will soon deride
 Blazon their *Cornhill-stella* share *Cheapside* :
 Thus shall our *Coal-pits* charity and pity,
 At distance undermine and fire the City.
 Should we exact, they'd pawn their wives, & treat,
 To swop those Coolers, for our Sovereign heat.
 'Bove Kisses and Embraces Fire controles,
 No *Venus* heightens like a peck of Coals.
Medea was the druggie of some old Sire,
 And *Æsons* Bath a lusty Sea-coal fire.
 Chimneys are old mens mistresses, their Inns,
 A moddern Dalliance with their meazled shins.
 To all defects a Coal-heap gives a Cure,
 Gives Youth to Age, and raiment to the poor.
 Pride first wore clothes, Nature disdains attire,
 She made us naked, 'cause she gave us fire.
 Full *Wharfs* are wardrobes, and the *Taylors* charm
 Belongs t'oth' Collier, he must keep us warm.
 The Quilted Alderman in all's array,
 Findes but cold comfort in a frosty day,
 Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this stir,
 Scarce warm, when smother'd in his drousie Fur,
 Not proof against keen *VVinters* Batteries,
 Should he himself wear all's own Liveries,
 But chil-blain under silver spurs bewails,
 And in embroidered Buck-skins blows his nails.
 Rich meadows and full crops are elsewhere found,
 We can reap harvest from our barren ground.
 The bald parcht hills that circumscribe our *Tine*,
 Are no less pregnant in their hungry Mine.

Their

Their unfledg'd tops so well content our pallats,
 We envy none their Nose-gays and their Sallats.
 A gay rank foyl like a yong gallant grows,
 And spends it self that it may wear fine clothes,
 VVhilst all its worth is to its back confined,
 Our wear's plain out side, but is richly lined.
 VVinter's above, 'tis Summer underneath,
 A trusty Morglay in a rusty sheath.
 As precious fables sometimes interlace
 A wretched ferge or Grogane Cassock case :
 Rocks own no spring, are pregnant with no shovrs
 Chrystals and Gems are there instead of flowers.
 Instead of Roses, beds of Rubies sweat,
 And Emeraulds recompence the Violet.
 Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears
 (Where she is bare) pearls in her breasts and ears.
 What though our fields present a naked sight,
 A Paradise should be an Adamite ?
 The Northern Lad his bonny Lads throws down,
 And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

*On the Inundation of the River Trent : The Scene
 Mascham and Holme, two opposite Villages on
 the River side, near Newark.*

WHen heirs and widows hoarding up fresh
 supplies.
 Bottle up tears wrung from St. *Smithens* eyes,
 And the Hydropick Planets empty all
 Their experiments into their Urinal,

With

With Levies of Auxiliaries, sent
 From lesser Rivers to rendezvous in Trent,
 It makes an insurrection, and to pillage,
 Quarters its Rebel-forces in each Village.
 All objects the Inundation spreads so far,
 (Like the eye) but aggregates of waters are.
 In this *Deucalian*-wrack let me intreat
Parnassus for to be my *Ararat*;
 And pump a while before the Flood be gone,
 What ? so much water, and no *Helicon* ?
 Swans sing and dye, so Poets Floods inspire,
 These glib *Hydriaclicks*, water is their fire.
 Come neighbors, let's condole what will betide us,
Mascham and *Holm*, or *Cestus* and *Abidos*,
 The jealous River now no more will pander,
 Between our *Hero's* and the lov'd *Leander*.
 Help ! *Xerxes* ! help ! now *Hellepont* disdains
 Its fetters ; see, it's loose, and we in chains,
 Took prisoners, and our durance such will be,
 When Land appears, a Goal-delivery.
Newgate or *Woodstreet* 's not a closer stay,
 Rocks but immure them there, and us the sea.
 And what's the difference, pray ? resolve us what
 Betwixt a Counter— and a Water-Rat ?
 We must confess confin'd to Boats and Waves,
 There's no Captivity to Gally-slaves.
 And though we hear no storms nor billows roar,
 We cannot stir unless we tugg at Oar.
 Our Scene's translated, Fate will have it so,
 We live in *Venice* now or *Mexico*.

Or *Amsterdam*, our Parlors so in pickle,
 Enough to make those in't a Conventickle,
 Petty wrack't Strangers, toft we know not whither,
Holm ! Holm in England ! oh Sirs shew us thicher.
 Yet sure 'tis *England* still, no other Nation
 Can shew so much Land under sequestration.
 All's swallowed up and drown'd, our Fifts & all,
 Something sweeps worse then *Haberdashers-hall*.
 A guilty Tap-house feels the Flood's assault,
 (Murder will out) and it had drown'd much mault,
 Must now it self be duckt by this just Tide,
 Because it stood so nigh the Water-side.
 See the tenth wave into the house is toft,
 And dubs a Captain Otter of mine host,
 Who with a file of bowzing Comrades there,
 Resolve still not to leave their *Dover* Peer :
 Thus fixt, they drink until their Noses shine,
 A Constellation in this Watry sign,
 Which they *Aquarius* call ; for by degrees
 Each man perceives himself took up to th' knees,
 Yet still they and the Flood do brimmers vye,
 At last it sobs, and thus they drink him dry :
 But these the sponge leeches of the town,
 Amphibious were, good drinkers cannot drown :
 We puny Dablers are as ill beset,
 We whose unliquor'd hides will turn no wet,
 The Flood's a tenant too, until't retreats,
 Great rooms are Oceans, and the lesser Straits.
 Tongues are confounded in a various stile,
 Our Computation runs by th' league, not mile.

How

How soon the earth dissolv'd, so soon that some,
 That journeyed out, will make a Voyage home.
 They go aboard their dwellings, and embarque,
 Houses are Ships, and Newark's a Noah's Ark.
 The Cook mistakes his floating seigniories
 For sound, and so takes impost in his Fees.
 Some truck for Rumps & Kidneys, he and's spouse
 Call them the Farmers of the Custom-house :
 Now bedfellows do one another greet
 I'th Saylor's phrase, *Vere, Vere, more sheest.*
 Women are Syrens, for the wise man wears,
 When they strike up their *Ela's*, wax in's ears,
 Whose fate is yet peculiar in this Flood,
 To scape the water and retain the mud.
 The inseparable scum is so increast,
 Another Flood will not makes all clean beast,
 Yet still their scene and their complexion's right,
 (Place them but where they paint the devil white)
 Our Townsmen, since of floods, they must turn
 Skippers,
 Will change their religion too, & so turn Dippers.
 Now they dispute, and no small doubts propound,
 Some say the Meadows swim, some say they'r
 drown'd;
 And 'tis disputed whether yea or no,
 They are ground chambers still that overflow,
 Their *Hay* is gone, and some the question start,
 How't could be fetcht away without a Cart?
 But these submit to the rest of learned team,
 Who strongst conclude, it went away with stream.

At last it is observ'd by all the Sages,
Who ere set it on work, they pay the wages :
One hotspur storms & swears that he and's faction
Will sue the Flood, Trespass will bear an Action,
Then thought on's Landlord, whom he fears hath
His *Water-Bayliff* thus to drive for Rent. (sent
Haycocks to sea are driven, where they'l muster,
And make of *Soylla* Isles another Cluster,
Till vamt with more such wracks, they grow a
For some *Columbus* new Discoveries. (prize
The stakes stand firm, though batter'd all the while
These Pyramids are proof against this *Nile*,
And might like *Egypt's* Piles enjoy a prime,
Wer't but for fiercer teeth than those of Time.
What neither floods nor age can beasts will tear,
Our beasts now starved lean, like *Pharaohs* are.
Strange Skellitons, for all the time of flood,
They nothing had to chew but their own cud,
And since alas, no work for Sythe or Sicle,
(Poor Cattle) all their commons are in pickle.
This sure must needs produce a chap-faln pallat,
When without meat they onely feed on fallat ;
But these we prize, for most are say'd away,
Who knows but to stock *Hispaniola*.
One herd & 's flock in one kind hill found mercy;
Like *Lilburn* (and his wool) in the Isle of *Jersey*.
A Barber's close, yet all would counter-bayl,
Steept till the Corn grew Mault, and Water Ale.
Had we the *Gotham* policy and luck, to
Hedge in the VVater, as they did the Cucko,

But

But oh ! it soon retreats, and the ebb is more
 Disastrous to us then the flood before.
 The fifth day lands us, shews each man his ground
 But so much slime, we can't see ground for ground.
 The Flood's a single Tyrant; Bogs allow
 No scape : Water and Earth both vex us now,
 Till the Sun our Low-countreys purge, and then
 Out-drink a *Dutchman* draining of a Fen :
 Till then our *Trent* is *Achaton*, we dwell
 I'th *Stygian-lake*, the Netherlands are hell. (ter,
Rivers are *Nymphs* they say, something's the mat-
 Then sure with ours; she cannot hold her water,
 Unless the Gossip, (th' room's so all on float)
 Went drunk to bed, and spilt her Chamber-pot ;
 How'er, since we're deliver'd, let there be
 From this Flood too another *Epochee*.

For Sleep:

Return Grief's *Antidote*, soft Sleep return;
 Why do'st thy blithe Embrace adjourn ?
 Once more this *Garrison* of *Sense* surround,
 It's wilde exorbitancies Pound ;
 Lock the *Cinque-ports*, the *Centinels* araign;
 Make *Fractions* in the *Royal Train*.
 2. Sleep ! the Souls *Charter*, Bodies *Writ of Ease*,
 Reasons *Reprieve*, Fancies *Release* ;
 The Senses *Non-term*, Life's serenest Shore ;
 A smooth-fac't Death, thick candid o're :
Catastrophe of Care, *Time's* balmy close,
 The Muses *Eden* and *Repose*.

3. Sleep

3. Sleep! the Days Centre, Nights Meridian,
Bright Meteor in the Sphere of man;
A Grand Dictator in the womb of Death,
Whilst the still returning Breath
Sails through fears, tears, and Joys at once,
With quick Reciprocations.
4. Sleep! the firm cement of unravel'd hours,
Night usher'd with Anibrosial showres;
Dayes Philactery with her spangles crown'd,
Fancy snatch't up at first rebound:
Fancies Exchequer, Nature's younger son,
Times other Jubile begun. (born
5. Sleep! the Worlds Evensong, Natures Anthem
Between the Lips of Night and Morn;
Heaven in a Masque, Sunday's Parhelion,
Preface to th' Resurrection:
Nepenthe kissing out the wheeling light;
Darkness emparadiz'd: Good night.

Against Sleep.

BE gone Joy's Lethargy, pale fiend, be gone,
Why this dull Fascination?

No more Life's Cittadel invade, no more,
Ravish its Sallies o're and o're;
Gag the broad gates, the Court of Guard effoyn,
At these disjoyned thoughts rejoyne.

2. Sleep! the Souls Wardship, but the Bodies Goals
Reason's Assassine, Fancies Bayl;
The Senses Cursew, Life and loyal breath
Minc't small, and blended into death:

Joy

- Joys. *Explicite*, unfathom'd Gulf of time,
The Muses Fence, and frozen Climate.
3. Sleep! the Night's *Winter*, shadow of a Dream;
A dark Fog rampant, Horror's Theme;
Free Denizen of Darkness, Blissess wane;
An untrim'd Chaos; Beauties bane;
Youth's Sepulchre, a Parallel to Age;
A Negro fills Life's second page.
4. Sleep! the Days Colon; many hours of bliss
Lost in a wide Parenthesis:
Life in an *extasie*; bound hand and foot,
Spirits entomb'd, and Time to boot:
The Trump of Solitude, a sprightly Flame,
Smother'd in fables, and made lame.
5. Sleep! the worlds *Limbo*, Nature's discord day,
Because a Mourner, hurl'd away;
Hell pay'd with Doun, a Purgatory skreen'd;
Death's Counterpane mixed with a fiend;
Half time ecclip'st, and tinctur'd black as sorrow,
Light dungeon'd; manacled: Good morrow.

On a little Gentleman profoundly learned.

Makes Nature maps? since that in thee
Sh' has drawn an University,
Or strives she in so small a piece,
To sum the Arts and Sciences?
Once she writ onely Text-hand, when
She scribled gyants, and no men:
But now in her decrepit years
She dashes dwarfs in characters,

And makes one single farthing bear
 The Creed, Commandments, and Lords Prayer :
 Would she turn Art, and imitate
Monte-regios flying Gnat ?
 Would she the Golden Legend shut
 Within the Cloyster of a Nut ?
 Or else a Musket-bullet rear
 Into a vast and mighty spear ?
 Or pen an Eagle in the Caul
 Of a slender Nightingale ?
 Or shews the Pigmies can create,
 Not too little but too great.
 How comes it that she thus converts
 So small a *Totum*, and great parts ?
 Strives she now to turn awry
 The quick scent of Philosophy ?
 How so little matter can
 So monstrous big a form contain ?
 What shall we call (it would be known)
 This Gyant and this Dwarf in one ?
 His Age is blaz'd in silver hairs,
 His Limbs still cry out want of years.
 So small a body in a Cage,
 May chuse a spacious Hermitage.
 So great a soul doth fret and fume
 At th' narrow world for want of room.
 Strange conjunction ! here is grown
 A Mole-hill and the Alps in one.
 In th' self same action we may call
 Nature both Thrift and Prodigal.

Rebellis SCOTUS.

Cura Deo sumus, ista ficedant Scoto?
 Variata splenis Domino Psyche est suis.
 Aut stellionatus rea. ὤσαοις ὑπερταγοις,
 Campanula omnes; totus Montegon uro,
 Coriacea cui millies mille hydra,
 Suburbicanis pensiles paracais
 Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor,
 Cometa non minus, vel ore flammeo
 Commune despuente fatum stellula,
 Dirum ominatur. Equis, e Suda, suam
 Nam temperet bilem? patria quando lus
 Tam Pymmanâ id est pediculosâ, perit?
 Bombamachidisque fit bolus myrmecis?
 Scotos nec ausim nominare, carminum
 Nisi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
 Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
 (Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
 Quos inde verba, tot venena prompserit.
 Rhadamantheum, fac, guster esset nunc mihi,
 Sulphurque, paribulumque copiosius
 Rustans, Magni quam cunias bombycinas;
 Poteram ut Agyria Circulator pillulas
 Vomitas loqui, aut ἀποκορυφίζων Σύγχα:
 Aut ut Geneva Steniores, Perilleis
 Tartara & equuleos boare pulpitis:
 At machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto,
 Cunctis Sclopetis bisce gutturalibus
 Ut digna Dii diuin, vorum par est prius,
 (Praestigiator ut) ficas, & acinaces.
 Huc, huc lambe, gressibus faxo ius;
 At huc, lambe, moribus faxo magis.
 Satyraque tortryces, tot huc adducite
 Flagella, quot praesens meretur seculum
 Scoti Venificis pares; audax stylum
 Horum cruore tinge, sic nocens minus.

The Rebel SCOT.

HOW ! Providence ! and yet a Scottish crew !
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too ?
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us ?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd,
 When angry, like a Comet's flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick, can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of Pym's disease ?
 By Scorch invasion, to me made a Prey
 To such *Pig widge* *Myrmidons* as they ?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote ;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands : could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction :
 Or roar like *Marshal* that *Geneva Bull*,
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full :
 Yet to express a *Scot* to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocms*) swallow Daggers first.

Come, keen *Gambicks* with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet ;
 Help, ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age,
Scots are like *Witches* ; do but whet your pen ;
 Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you then

Ut Martyres olim induebant belluis
 (Quasi sifterent Regis sacros hypocritas)
 En hos eodem Schemate (aut retro) Scotos,
 Extrâ Scotos, intus feras, & sine tropo.
 Fallax Ierna viperâ nihil foves
 Scoto Colono? Nan ego Britanniam.
 Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
 Quin Thamesinus pyrgopolinices Scotus
 Poterat leones, tigrides, ursores, canes
 Proprii inquilinos pectoris spectaculo
 Montrâsse; pro obolis omnibus quibus solet
 Spectare monstra Cratis, & Fori simul
 Pæne ocreatum vulgus. Et patria fera
 Scotos cremus indicis terræ plaga
 Vel omnipresentem negans Deum, nisi
 Venisset inde Carolus, cohors nisi
 Cratordiana, miles & Montrosseus,
 Feritatis cluens notam paganica,
 Hanc prastitisset semivictamam Deo;
 Nec Scoticus est, totus Leopardus Leo?
 Habent & Aram sicut Arcam faderis
 Velut tabella bifidis picta plicis
 Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas:
 Cui somnianti tartarum suasis pavor
 Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
 Nigritus Scotorum semel, & esset innocens.
 Regio, malignâ qua facit votum prece,
 Relegitur ad Gyares breves nunquam incolæ?
 Punisset ubi Cainum nec exilio Deus,
 Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis Domicanio.
 Ut gens vagans recutita, vel contagium,
 Aut Beelzebub, si des ubiquitarium.
 Hinc erro sis semper Scotus, certos locos,
 Et hos & illos quoslibet citò nauseans,
 Ut frustra divisi orbis, & Topographia
 Mendicitatis offulas, curas nimis.

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake;
 I'll bait my *Scots* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot*, within a beast, is no disguise.
 No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no *Venom*, since the *Scot's* plantation;
 Nor can our feign'd antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, *England* hath *Wolves* again,
 The *Scot* that kept the *Tower*, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The *Leopard* and the *Panther*, and ingross
 What all those wild *Collegiats* had cost:
 The honest high-thooses, in their termly fees,
 First to the salvage *Lawyer*; next to these,
 Nature her self doth *Scotch-men* beasts confess,
 Making their *Countrey* such a wilderness,
 A Land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence,
 But that *Montross* and *Crawfords* loyal band
 Atton'd their sins, and christned half the Land,
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spors,
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots*:
 As in a picture, where the squinking paint
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:
 He that saw *Hell* in's melancholly dream
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's stream,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd *Proselyte*.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment!
 Had *Gain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home,
 Like *Jews* they spread, and as infection fly,
 As if the devil had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at *Rovers*, and desie
 This or that place, rags of *Geography*.

Ipsa universitatū heres integra,
 Et totus in toto, natio Epidemica,
 Nec gliscit ergo jargonare Gallicè,
 Exoticè aut Indicè modè, neque
 Iberio natu negare, nec studeat
 Callere quem de Belgicè Hoghen Moghen
 Venter tumens, aut barba canibari refert.
 (Quæ Coriathæ una mens nostrasibus)
 Pugna est in animo, atque animus in patinâ Scotæ.
 Huc Struthioni suggeret cibum chalybs,
 Et densi-ductor appetitus balibes,
 Pro more, pendulos molares inserit.

At interim nostras quid involant dapes?
 Serpens Edenum, non Edenburgum appetit.
 Aut Anglia, cui jam malum est Hemorrhoid,
 Hamatopotas hos posteris meatibus
 Natura medica supposuit hirudines
 Cruore satiandos licet nostro prius,
 Nostro sed & cruore moribundos quoque.

Nec computo credant priori, nos item
 Novum additurot, servitutem pristina
 Aliam, gemellam nupera, fraterculos
 Palpare quando cæperant charos nômis,
 (Suffragiorum scilicet poppismata)
 Et crustulum impertire velut offam Cerbero
 Subblandiens detreverat Senatulus.

Nos ara loculis? arma visceribus prius
 Indemus usque & usque vel caputo tenus.
 Seri videmus quo Scotum trahebat modo.
 Princeps rebelli mitior tergo quasi
 Sellas equino destrabens aptat suo.

At jus rapinas hæc defendit vetus?
 Egyptus ista perdit, aufert Israel;
 An bibliorum nescis hos satellites?
 Pratorianæ quæ cohortibus, (nova
 Hierusalem triarii) spes nititur
 Sororcularum? Cardio, cardio vertitur
 Cupediarum, primitivæ Legi, &c.

They'r Citizens o'th' world ; they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
 And yet they ramble nor, to learn the mode
 How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad :
 To return knowing in the Spanish Shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch Stares a double Jug
 Resembles most in belly, or in beard,
 (The Card by which the Mariners are Reer'd.)
 No ; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat ;
 Their *Estrich stomachs* make their *swords* their *meat*.
 Nature with *Scots*, as *Tooth-drawers* hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their *Teeth* upon their *Belt*.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choice ;
 The Serpent's fatal still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the *Hemeroids*, and these
 On the North posture of the patient seize,
 Like *Leeches*, thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the *Cure* shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,
 To purchase villenage, as once before,
 When an A& pass'd to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them *Ginger-bread*.

Nor Gold, nor A&s of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot* : a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* spoil ?
 They are the *Gospels* Life-guard, but for them
 (The Garrison of *New Jerusalem*)
 What would the Brethren do ? the Cause ! the Cause !
 Sack Possess, and the Fundamental Laws ?

O bone Deus! quanti est cavere lintels!
 Orexis ut Borealis, & famēs, movet!
 Piſſuagne, vestibulſque caſſi, hinc Knoxio
 Surore ſimul, & Knoxio utuntur coquo,
 Piè quod algeant quod eſuriant piè.

Larvæ quin uſque detrabas, & nummuli
 Tituliſque, (ut animabus) ſubeſt fallacia.
 Libra, & Barones (detumeſcant interim
 Vocabulorum tympani) quanti valent!
 Hic Cæſtium panem, panem villicum,
 Solidoſque totos illa, ſed gratis, duor.

Apagè ſuperba fraudulentia, ſimul
 Proſapia Piſſos, fide & Piſſos procul;
 Opprobrium poetico vel ſtigmati
 Etiam cruci crux. Non aliter Hyperbolus
 Hyperſceſtus oſtraciſmo ſis pudor.

Americanus, ille, qui cælum horruit
 Quod Hiſpanorum repat eò ſed pars quota!
 Viderat in Orco ſi Scotos, (bui tot Scotos!)
 Roſe odamus perpenderat medioximus.
 Sat muſa! ſemiſſa fercularia
 Medullitus vorans, diabolis invidet
 Propriam ſibi ſuam Scoti paropſidem.
 Ut Berniclis enim Scoti, ſic Lucifer
 Saturatur iſſis Berniclatioribus.

Nam lapſus à furcâ Scotus, mox & Styge
 Tinſus, ſuum novatur in Plaut-Anſerem.

Lord ! what a good thing is want of shirts !
 How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts !
 They wanted food and rayment ; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstress, and their Cook.

Unmask them well ; their honours and estate
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober Two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then, you proud Impostors, get you gone
 You Pi&s in Gentry and devotion ;
 You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.

The Indian, that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus* like have hung between.

My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce ;
 I wrong the devil, should I pick their bones,
 That dish is his ; for when the *Scots* de cease,
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Goose.

On an ugly Woman.

AS Scriveners sometimes take delight to see
 Their basest writing, Nature has in thee
 Essay'd how much she can transgress at once
Appelles draughts, *Durers* proportions;
 And for to make a jest, and try a wit,
 Has not (a woman) in thy forehead writ;
 But scribl'd so, and gone so far about,
Indagine would never smell thee out;
 But might exclaim, here onely riddles be,
 And Heteroclites in physiognomy:
 But as the mystick Hebrew backward lies
 And Algebra's, ghest by absurdities,
 So must we spell thee, for who would suppose
 That globous piece of *VVanescot* were a nose,
 That crockt *et-catera's* were wrinkles, and
 Five *Napers* bones glew'd to a wrist, and hand;
 Egyptian Antiquaries might survey
 Here Hieroglyphicks, time hath worn away:
 And wonder at an English face, more odd
 And antique, then was e're a Memphian god,
 Eras'd with more strange lettters than might scare
 A raw and unexperienc'd Conjuror:
 And tawny Africk blush, to see her frie
 Of monsters in one skin so kennel'd lie.
 Thou mayst without a guard her desarts pass,
 VVhen savages but look upon thy face:
 VVere but some Pict now living, he would soon
 Deem thee a fragment of his Nation;

And

And wiser Ethiopians infer
 From thee, that sable's not the onely fair ;
 Thou privative of beauty, whose one eye
 Doth question Metaphysicks verity ;
 Whose many cross Aspects may prove anon
 Foulness, more then a meer Negation.
 Blast one place still, and never dare t'escape
 Abroad out of thy mother Darknes lap,
 Lest that thou make the world afraid, and be
 Even hated by thy Nurse, Deformity.

To the King recovered from a Fit of Sicknes.

Most Gracious Sir,

NOW that you are recover'd, and are seen,
 Neither to fright the Ladies, nor the Queen;
 That you to Chappel come, and take the air,
 Makes that a verse, which was before my prayer ;
 For Sir, as we had lost you, or your fate,
 Not sickness, had been told us, all of late.
 So truly mourn'd, that we did onely lack
 One to begin, and put us all in black.
 The Court, as quite dissolv'd, did sadly tell,
White Hall was onely where the King is well.
 Nor griev'd the people less, the Commons eyes,
 Free as their loyal hearts, wept Subsidies.
 And in this publick woe some went so far,
 To think the danger did deserve a star.
 Which though't were short, as but to show,
 You would, like one of us, a sickness know,

And

And that you could be mortal, and to prove,
 By trial of their grief, your subjects love,
 Would keep your bed, or chamber, yet our fear
 Made that short time we saw you not, a year;
 So did we reason mindless, and to gain
 Your quick recov'ry, striv'd to share your pain.
 Nay, such an interest had we in your health,
 That in you sick'ned Church & Commonwealth.
 Alas, to miss you was enough to bring
 An Anarchy, but that your life was King
 More than your Scepter, and though you refrain'd
 To come among us, yet your actions reign'd;
 They were our pattern still, and we from thence,
 Did in your absence chuse our rule and Prince.
 And liv'd by your example, which will stay,
 And govern here, when you are turn'd to clay.
 For what is he, that ever heard or saw
 Your conversation, and not thought it Law?
 Such a clear temper, of so wise and sweet
 A Majesty, where power and goodness meet
 In just proportions; such religious care
 To practise what you bid; as if to wear
 The Crown or Robe were not enough to free
 The Prince from that which subjects ought to be.
 Lastly (for all your graces to rehearse,
 Is fitter for a story, than my verse :)
 Such a high reverence do your vertues win,
 They teach without, and govern us within,
 And so enlarge your Kingdoms, when they see
 Our minds more than our bodies, bend the knee.

And

And though before you we stand onely bare,
These make your Presence to be every where.

Upon the Birth of the Duke of York.

MAke big the bonfires, for in this one Son,
The Queen's delivered of a Nation,
She hath brought forth a People, now we may
Confess our doubted life, and boldly say,
This Prince compleats our joy, because he can
Already make the *Prince of Wales* a man,
And so confute the Nurse, when he shall see
Himself in him past his minority.

Good morrow, Babe, welcome into that air,
Which thou confirmest ours, which now we dare
Bequeath to our late nephews, that shall see
It alwayes English in the Prince and thee,
And never know the doubtful Scepter stand
In expectation of a chosen hand;
Nor danger of an armed, that may bar
The Crown from falling perpendicular,
And so cross nature. For I must confess,
I wish the Prince such lasting happiness,
And do commend to Providence this work,
That the State may not need a *Duke of York*,
And think a given, and protected Heir,
Enough to silence any modest prayer:
Yet since the wiser Heavens do conceive
A way to bless posterity, to leave
So much of *Charles* to them as they shall see
Drawn to the life in so much imag'rie,

And

And durst not trust a Chronicle, but wou'd
 Derive his vertues onely in his blood ;
 And thinking them too vast for one, did try
 To coyn a Partner to his Legacy :
 May Heaven proceed to keep him, may he shine
 To mock the poorness of the Indian Mine,
 And scorn the Fleet, having a treasure far
 Above the winds reach, or the *Hollander*.
 So may he puzzle States-men, and put down
 All reck'nings of Revenues to the Crown,
 And altar the Kings Rents, for his two sons
 Must go for twenty thousand millions ;
 And so make *Charles* the jealous world ally,
 Thus grown too potent for an Enemy ;
 All those must study Leagues now, that had rather
 Seem rich in any Title than of Father :
 But may he still be dreadful so, and be
 To these abroad fear'd as a Deity,
 At home lov'd as a Father, whilst he thus
 To them is Terrour, and a Shield to us.

On Parsons the great Porter.

SIr, or great Grandfire, whose vast bulk may be
 A burying-place for all your Pedigree :
 Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face,
 The *Rhyne* can hardly make a Looking-glass ;
 VVhat piles of victuals hadst thou need to chew,
 Ten *Woods* or *Marrats* throats, were not enow ;
 Dwarf was he, whose wife's bracelets fit his thumb
 It would not on thy little finger come.

If *Jove* in getting *Hercules* spent three
 Nights, he might be fifteen in getting thee.
 What name or title suits thy Greatness, thou,
Aldiboron if *uscorphornio*?

When Giants war'd with *Jove*, hadst thou bin one,
 Where other oaks, thou wouldst have mountains
 thrown;

Wert thou but sick, what help could ere be
 wrought,

Unless Physicians posted down thy throat?

Wert thou to die, and *Xerxes* living, he

Would not pare *Athos* for to cover thee;

Wert thou t' imbalm, the Surgeons needs must scale

Thy body, as when Laborers dig a Whale.

Great Sir, a People kneaded up in one,

We'l weigh thee by ship-burdens, not by th' stones:

What tempests might thou raise, what whirlwinds,
 when

Thou breastes, thou great *Leviathan* of men:

Bend but thine eye, a Country-man would swear,

A Regiment of Spaniards quarter'd there;

Smooth but thy brow, they'l say, there were a
 Plain,

T' a *York* and *Lancaster* once o're again!

That Pocket-pistol of the Queens might be

Thy Pocket-pistol, *sans Hyberbole*:

Abstain from *Garrisons*, since thou may'st eat

The *Turks*, or *Moguls* Titles at a bit.

Plant some new land, which ne'r will empty be,

If she enjoy her *Savages* in thee:

Get

Get from amongst us, since we onely can
Appear like sculls-marcht o're by Tamberlain.

On his going by Water, by the Parliament-House.

OH the sad fate of unsuccessful Sin ! (within.
You see those heads without, there's worse

*Upon coming into a Chamber called Parnassus,
where the Gentry Arms (were depicted) of Nor-
folk and Suffolk, in Norwich.*

Here Gallants find their Arms, & so it's meet,
But where they finde their Arms, they lose
their feet.

Against A. L. E.

THou Juyce of *Lethe* ! O thou dull
Inhospitable Drink of *Hull*,
Not to be drunk, but in the Devils scul ;
Depriver of those solid Joyes,
Which *Sack* creates : *Anthour* of noise
Among the roaring *Punks* and *Dammy-boyes* :
On thy account the *Watch* doth sleep,
When they our nightly peace should keep,
Then *Rognes* and *Cut-purses* in at windows creep.

2. The Jug-broke pate doth owe to thee
Its bloody Line and Pedigree,
Now murther, and anon the Gallow-tree :
A *Poet* once did lick thy Juyce,
But oh ! how his benumbed Juyce
Was mir'd in non-sense, and in State abuse.

A *Souldier* once that would have pickt
 Strife with the *Devil*, thy dull broth had lickt,
 That night this renown'd *Turdbanck* was kickt;

3. The other night the *Meal-man Will*,
 Did lap so largely of thy swill,
 Next morn he let a *fart* blew down his Mill:
 That Lover was in pretty case,
 That trimm'd thee with a *Ginger-race*,
 And after belched in his *Mistriss* face.
 More of thy vertues I could tell;
 But that to speak of thee's half hell,
 Then take my Curse by *Candle, Book, and Bell*.

4. May *Bards* that drink thee, write a small,
 Unsubstanc'd Line *pedantical*;
 Unfinewie *anigmatical*;
 Saltless and gauleless be thy Curse;
 Numberless; rugged, empty, worse
 Then the poor Poets empty belly, purse:
 May he that brews thee wear a Nose
 Richer then the *Lord Mayor's* clothes,
 The *Sattin* Clerry, or the *Velvet* Rose.

5. May he that draws thee, likewise wear
 A *Carbuncle* from ear to ear,
 That thatch and linnen may stand off and fear;
 May some old *Hag-witch* get astride
 Thy Bung, as if she meant to ride,
 On purpose for to lance thy yeasty side:
 May others be as sick as I,
 That tope thee next; then down and die
 Poor *Ale*, a funeral-trap for Wasp, or Fly.

The Old Gill.

1.
IF you will be still
 Then tell you I will
 Of a lovely old *Gill*.
 Dwelt under a hill :
 Her locks are like Sage
 That's well worn with age,
 And her visage would swage
 A stout mans courage:

2.
 Teeth yellow as Box,
 Clean out with the Pox,
 Her breath swells like Lox,
 Or unwiped Nocks.
 She hath a devilish grin,
 Long hairs on her Chin,
 To the foul footed *Fin*
 She's nearly a kin.

3.
 She hath a beetle Brow,
 Deep furrows enow,
 She's ey'd like a *Sow*,
 Flat nos'd like a *Cow*.
 Lips swarthy and dun,
 A mouth like a Gun,
 And her rattle doth run
 As swift as the *Sun*.

4.
 On her back stands a bill,
 You may place a Wind-mill,
 And the Farts of her Gill
 Will make the sails trill.

Her Neck is much like
 The foul swines in the dike
 Against Crab-lice and tyke
 A blew pin is her pyke.

5.
 Witbin this *Ano*
 There dwells an *Hurricane*
 And the rift of her *Plano*
 Vomits smoke like *Vulcano*
 But a pox of her twist,
 It is alwayes bepist,
 And the devil's in his list,
 That to her mill brings grit

6.
 'Ware the dint of her dirt,
 She will give you a flirt,
 She has alwayes the squirt,
 She is loose and ungirt,
 Want of wine makes her pant
 Till she fizzle and rant,
 And the hole in her grant,
 Is as deep as, &c.

7.
 Yea, as deep as a well,
 A Furnace or Kell,
 A bottomless Cell,
 Some think it is hell :
 But I have spoken my fill
 Of my lovely old *Gill* ;
 And 'tis taken so ill,
 I'll lay down my quill.

To the *Queen* upon the Birth of one of her
Children.

THat Children are like Olive-branches, we
Took for a figure, now 'twas prophesie,
Your Births, great Queen, have made a new ac-
count,
Who bring not forth some Olives, but the Mount,
And we, who wisht your Table half way round
Beset with them, do now behold it crown'd,
Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet
The King, we see, can his own Court beget :
Nay, in the first worlds age, he that could do
Like him, was Father of his Countrey too.
When in that dearth of Subjects, Kings were fain
First to beget their Kingdoms, and then reign,
When their own off-spring were their people, and
One family both fill'd, and made the Land.
But I speak treason, to say Princes blood
Can e're run into people, 'tis a flood
Ev'n in the fountain: small streams lose their name
Such births, like th' Ocean are still the same.
No number makes them private, we may call
Not all one Nation, but Nations all.
For as I've seen the Ark drawn like the womb
Of the four Empires and the world to come,
Out of whose midst hath sprung a mystick Tree,
With every branch a Genealogy,
Not of some house, but of the world, this bough
For Europe, that for Africk we allow :

And all the other smaller twigs there seen
 Have stood for Isles, or Countrys, so, great Queen,
 From you, as from the Ark, nothing can be
 Born less then Kingdoms, or a Monarchy.
 Your pains are all imperial, and your throws
 Can bring forth naught that is not great, yet those
 For daughters still have thus more publick been,
 That you by them to Christendom lie in ;
 Your sons may make us safe, but we the while
 Must be a world divided, still an Isle,
 We shall be now o'th' Continent ; this Sex
 Will make 't all one to conquer, or annex,
 To be ally'd, will bring, what some in vain
 Hope for by th' sword, an universal reign ;
 Which yet we may despair of, since we see
Europe to match yours, will want Progeny.

To Cloris, a Rapture.

COME *Julia*, come ! let's once disbody, what
 Strait matter ties to this, and not to that,
 We'l disingage, our bloodless form shall fly
 Beyond the reach of earth, where ne'r an eye
 That peeps through spectacles of flesh, shall know
 Where we intend, or what we mean to do ;
 From all contagion of flesh remov'd,
 We'l sit in judgement, on those pairs that lov'd
 In old and latter times, then will we tear
 Their Chaplets that did act by slavish fear,
 Who cherisht causeless griefs, and did deny
Cupids Prerogative by doubt, or tie ;

But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd
 In one refining flame, and never los'd
 Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aspire
 Unto their proper Element of Fire,
 To these we'l judge that happiness to be
 The witnesses of our Felicity.

Thus we'l like Angels move, nor will we binde
 In words the copious language of our minde,
 Such as we know not to conceive, much less,
 Without destroying in their birth, express :
 Thus will we live, and ('t may be) cast an eye
 How far *Elisium* doth beneath us lie ;
 What need we care, though milky Currents run
 Amongst the filken Meadows, though the Sun
 Doth still preserve by's ever walking ray
 A never discontinued spring, or day.

That Sun, though all its heat be to it brought,
 Cannot exhale the vapor of a thought.
 No, no, my Goddess, yet will thou and I
 Devested of all flesh, so folded lie,
 That ne're a body'd nothing shall perceive
 How we unite, how we together cleave ;
 Nor think this while our feathered minutes may
 Fall under measure, Time it self can stay
 T'attend our pleasures, for what else would be
 But tedious durance in eternity ?

An Elegy upon Ben. Johnson.

AS when the Vestal hearth went out, no fire
 Less holy than that flame that did expire

D 3

Could

Could kindle it again : so at thy fall
 Our wits, great *Ben*, are too Apocryphal
 To celebrate thy loss, since 'tis too much
 To write thy Epitaph, and not be such,
 VWhat thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,
 VWithout an Extasie cannot be told.
 VVe must be ravisht first, thou must infuse
 Thy self into us both the Theam and Muse :
 Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
 Our works) so that 't had bin but one great verse,
 Though the Priest had translated for that time
 The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rhime ;
 So that in *Meteer* we had heard it said,
Poetick dust is to Poetick laid : (might'st have
 And though that dust being *Shakespear's*, thou
 Not his room, but the Poet for thy grave ;
 So that as thou didst Prince of numbers die,
 And live, so thou mightest in numbers lie,
 'Twere frail solemnity ; Verses on thee,
 And not like thine, would but kinde Libels be.
 And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
 VVorse blots then they that envied thy praise.
 Indeed thou need'st us not, since above all,
 Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
 Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy Tomb,
 Th' Inscription worn out, and the Marble dumb
 So that 'twould pose a Critick to restore
 Half words, and words expir'd so long before ;
 When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenc'd face,
 And looks that are the horror of the place ;

Tha

That 'twill be Learnings and Antiquity,
 And ask a *Selden* to say, this was thee : (fear
 Thou'lt have a whole name still , nor need'st thou
 That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.
 Let others write so thin, that they can't be
 Authors till rotten ; no posterity (then,
 Can adde to thy works ; th' had their full growth
 When first born, and came aged from thy pen,
 Whilst living thou enjoyd'st the same and sence
 Of all that time gives, but the reverence :
 When th' art of *Homers* years, no man will say
 Thy Poems are less worthy, but more gray.
 'Tis bastard Poetry, and o'th' false blood,
 Which can't without succession be good,
 Things that will always last, do thus agree
 VVith things eternal ; th'at once perfect be.
 Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
 As long upon a Comœdy did sit,
 As Elephants bring forth ; and that by blots
 And mendings, took more time then *Fortune* plots,
 That such thy draught was, and so great thy thirst,
 That all thy *Plays* were drawn at th' *Mermaid* first,
 That the Kings yearly but wore, and his wine
 Hath more right then thou to thy *Catiline*.
 Let such men keep a Diet, let their wit
 Be rackt, and while they write, suffer a Fit ;
 When th'have felt tortures without pain the Gout,
 Such, as with less, the State draws Treason out ;
 Though they should the length of Consumptions
 Sick of their Verse, and of their Poem die. (lie
 D 4 'Twould

'T would not be thy worst scene, but would at last
 Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste,
 He that writes well writes quick, since the rule's
 Nothing is slowly done, that's always new; (true,
 So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
 Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen,
 And so thy Alchymist plaid o're and o're,
 VVas new o'th' stage, when 'twas not at the door;
 VVe like the Actors did repeat, the pit
 The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit,
 Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
 That but to some not half thy Acts were parts,
 Since of some silken judgements we may say
 They fil'd a box two hours, but saw no play:
 So that th' unlearned lost their money, and
 Scholars sav'd onely, that could understand:
 Thy scene was free from monsters, no hard plot
 Call'd down a god t'unty th' unlikely knot.
 The stage was still a stage, two entrances (seas:
 Were not two parts, o'th' world disjoyn'd by th'
 Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
 To swim a whole scene out, then oth' stage drown'd
 Pitcht fields, as *Red-bul* wars, still felt they doom.
 Thou laidst no sieges to the Musick room,
 Nor wouldst allow to thy best Comedies
 Humors that should above the people rise:
 Yet was thy language and thy stile so high,
 Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reacht to th' thigh;
 And both so chaste, so 'bove Dramatick clean,
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene;

No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy Comœdies, didst not commit,
We did the vice arraign'd, not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad parts by th' ear,
For thou even sin didst in such words array, (play,
That some, who came bad parts, went out good
Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from th' stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault,
Men were laugh'd into vertue, and none more
Hated fool acted, then were such before;
So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,
So much did Satyre more correct then Law,
Which was not nature in thee, as some call,
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy Gall,
That thou didst quarrel first, and then in spight
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write,
That 't was revenge, not truth, that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage;
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net,
We know thy free vein had this innocence
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence,
And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose shift but his tricks and gin, (these
Thou mightst have us'd th' old Comick freedom,
Might have seen themselves plaid, like *Socrates*,
Like *Cleon Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If as Greek Authours, thou hadst turn'd Greek
spleen. And

And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their learning into English, not their rate;
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
 Of thy humanity, might be call'd Theft,
 The other was not, whatsoe're was strange,
 Or borrowed, in thee did grow thine by th' change.
 Who without Latine helps hadst been as rare
 As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakespear* were,
 And like them, from thy native stock couldst say,
 Poets and Kings are not born every day.

An Epitaph.

STay, Gentle Reader, and shed o're
 Those sacred ashes one tear more.
 These sad accents cloath'd in black,
 Mourn him whom Church and State do lack,
 And this weeping Marble stone
 Doth invite a parting grone.
 Here lies within this stony shade
 Natures Darling, whom she made
 Her fairest Model, her brief Story,
 In him heaping all her Glory.
 Here lies one whom times of old,
 Among their wonders had inrol'd,
 Whose set beams might well aspire,
 Kindled by Poetick fire,
 Unto a starry light, and there
 For a Grave adorn a Sphere;
 One so valiantly strong,
 He fear'd to do any wrong.

Learnings glory, who alone
 Was fit to write on his own stone ;
 Here tongues lie speechless, to be dumb
 Is our best *Epiccedium*.

Upon Wood of Kent.

Sir, much good do't ye, were your table but
Pie-crust or *Cheese*, you might your stomach shut
 After your slice of Beef, what dare you try
 Your force on an ell-square of Pudding-pie ?
 Perhaps 't may be a taste, three such as you
 Unbreakfasted, might serve *Seraglio*.
 When *Hanibal* scal'd th' *Alps*, hadst thou bin there
 Thy Beef had drunk up all his Vinegar ;
 Well mightst thou be of Guard to *Henry* th' eight.
 Since thou canst, like a Pigeon, eat thy weight :
 Full wise was Nature, that would not bestow
 These tusks of thine into a double row ;
 What womb could e'r contain thee, thou canst shut
 A pond of Aviary in a Gut.
 Had not thy mother born thee toothless, thou
 Hadst eaten, viper-like, a passage through ;
 Had he that wish'd the Cranes long neck to eat,
 Put in thy stomach too, 't had been compleat.
 Thou *Noahs* Ark, dead *Sea*, thou *Golgotha*,
 Monsters beyond all them of *Africa* !
 Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall,
 Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all :
 Hath there been no mistake, why may't not be,
 When *Charius* leapt the Gulf, 'twas into thee.

Now

Now we'll believe that man of *Chica* could
 Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would
 Chew onely stones ; nor can we think it vain,
 That *Dor anetho* ate up th' neighboring plain.
 Poor *Chrifiathon*, that could onely feast
 On one poor Girl, in several dishes drest ;
 Thou hast devour'd as many sheep, as may
 Cloath all the Pastures in *Arcadia* ;
 Yet, O how temperate, that ne're goes on
 So far, as to approach repletion.
 Thou breathing Cauldron, whose digestive heat
 Might boil the whole provision of the Fleet ;
 Say Grace as long as Meals, and if thou please,
 Breakfast with islands, and drink healths with seas.

On Christ-Church Windows.

YOU that profane our windows with a tongue,
 Set like some Clock, on purpose to go wrong;
 Who when you were at service, sigh'd, because
 You heard the Organs musick, not the Daws,
 Pitying our solemn State, shaking your head,
 To see no ruines from the floor to th' Lead :
 To whose pure nose our Cedar gave offence,
 Crying, It smelt of Papists frankincense,
 Who walking on our marbles, scoffing said,
 Whose bodies are under these tombstones laid ?
 Counting our Tapers works of darkness, and
 Chosing to see Priests in blew aprons stand,
 Rather than in rich Copes, which shew the art
 Of *Sisera's* prey embroider'd in each part :

Then

Then when you saw the Altars Bafon, ſaid,
 Why's not the Ewer on the Cup-board laid ?
 Thinking our very Bibles too profane,
 'Cause you ne're bought ſuch Covers in *Duck-lane*.
 Loathing all decency, as if you'd have
 Altars as foul, and homely as a grave.
 Had you one ſpark of reaſon, you would finde
 Your ſelves like idols, to have eyes, yet blinde ;
 'Tis onely ſome baſe niggard, Hereſic,
 To think Religion loves Deformity.
 Glory did never yet make God the leſs,
 Neither can beauty defile Holineſs.
 What's more magnificent than heav'n, yet where
 Is there more love and piety than there ?
 My heart doth wiſh (were 't poſſible) to ſee
Pauls built with precious ſtones and porphyrie ;
 To have our Halls and Galleries out-ſhine
 Altars in beauty, is to deck our ſwine
 With Orient pearl, whiſt the deſerving Quire
 Of God and Angels wallow in the mire.
 Our decent Coaps onely diſtinction keep,
 That you may know the Shepherd from the ſheep,
 As gawdy Letters in the Rubrick ſhow,
 How you may holy-dayes from lay-dayes know ;
 Remember *Aarons* robe, and you will ſay,
 Ladies at Maſque(are not ſo rich as they. (he
 Then are th'priests words like thunder-claps, when
 Is lightning like ray'd down with majeſty ;
 May every Temple ſhine like thoſe at *Nile*,
 And ſtill be free from Rat or Crocodile :

But

But you will urge, both Priest and Church should
 The solemn partners of humility. (be
 Do not some boast of rags? Cynicks deride
 The pomp of Kings, but with a greater pride.
 Meekness consists not in the clothes, but heart;
 Nature may be vain-glorious well as Art:
 We may as lowly before God appear,
 Drest with a glorious pearl, as with a tear.
 In his high presence, where the Stars and Sun
 Do but eclipse, there's no ambition,
 You dare admit gay paint upon a wall,
 Why then in glass that's held Apocryphal?
 Our bodies temples are, look in the eye,
 The window, and you needs must pictures spy;
Moses and *Aaron*, and the Kings Arms are
 Daub'd in the Church, when you the *Warden* were,
 Yet you ne'r fin'd for Papist: shall we say
Banbury is turn'd *Rome*, because we may
 See th' *Holy Lamb* and *Christopher*? nay more,
 The Altar-stone set at the Tavern door?
 Why can't the Ox then in th' Nativity,
 Be imag'd forth, but Papists bulls are nigh?
 Our pictures to no other end is made,
 Than is your *Time* and's bill, your *Death* &'s spade
 To us they'r but *Memento's* which present
 Christs Birth, except his Word and Sacrament.
 If't were a sin to set up Imag'ry,
 To get a childe were flat Idolatry.
 The models of our Buildings would be thus,
 Directions to our houses, ruines to us:

Hath

Hath not each creature which hath daily breath,
Something which resembles heaven or earth :
Suppose some ignorant Heathen once did bow
To images, may not we see them now ?
Should we love darkness, and abhor the Sun,
'Cause *Persians* gave it adoration ?
And plant no Orchards, because Apples first
Made *Adam* and his lineal Race accurst.
Though wine for *Bacchus*, bread for *Ceres* went,
Yet both are used in the sacrament ;
What then if these were Popish Reliques ? few
Windows are elsewhere old, but these are new,
And so exceed the former, that the face
Of these come short of th' outside of our glass :
Colours are here mixt, so that Rain-bows be
(Compar'd) but Clouds without variety.
Art here is Natures envy ; this is he,
Not *Paracelsus* , but by Chymistry
Can make a man from ashes ; if not dust,
Producing off-springs of his minde, not lust.
See how he makes his Maker, and doth draw
All that is meant i'th' Gospel, or i'th' Law.
Looking upon the Resurrection,
Methoughts I saw the blessed Vision,
Where not his face is meerly drawn, but mind,
Which not with paint, but oyl of gladness shin'd :
But when I view'd the next pane, where we have
The God of life transported to his grave,
Light then is dark, all things so dull and dead,
As if that part o'th window had been Lead.

Jonas

Jonas his Whale did so mens eyes befool,
That they have begg'd him th' Anatomy school:
That he saw ships at *Oxford* one did swear,
Though *Isis* yet will Barges hardly bear:
Another soon, as he the trees esp'd,
Thought him i'th' garden on the other side.
See in what state (though on an ass) *Christ* went,
This shew's more glorious then the Parliament.
Then in what awe *Moses* his rod doth keep
The Seas, as if the frost had glaz'd the Deep;
The raging waves are to themselves a bound,
Some cry, Help, help, or horse & man are drown'd.
Shadows do every where for substance pass,
You'd think the sands were in an hour glass,
You that do live with Surgeons, have you seen
A spring of blood forc'd from a swelling vein?
So from a touch of *Moses* Rod doth jump
A Cataract, the Rock is made a Pump:
At sight of whose o're-flowings, many get
Themselves away for fear of being wet.
Here you behold a sprightly Lady stand,
To have her frame drawn by a Painters hand:
Such lively look and presence, such a dress
King *Pharaohs* daughters image doth express;
Look well upon her Gown, and you will swear,
The needle, not the pentil hath been there.
At sight of her, some Gallants do dispute,
Whether i'th' Church 'tis lawful to salute?
Next *Jacob* kneeling, where his Kid-skin's such,
As it may well cozen old *Isaac's* touch.

A Shepherd see'ng how thorns went round about
Abrahams ram, would needs have helpt it out :
 Behold the Dove descending to inspire
 Th' Apostles heads with cloven tongues of fire,
 And in a superficies there you'll see
 The gross dimensions of profundity :
 'Tis hard to judge which is best built, and higher
 The Arch-roof in the window, or the Quire.
 All beasts, as in the Ark, are lively done,
 Nay, you may see the shadow of the Sun :
 Upon a Landskip if you look a while,
 You'll think the prospect at least forty mile :
 There's none needs now go travel, we may see
 At home *Jerusalem* and *Nineveh*,
 And *Sodom* now in flames : one glance will dart
 Farther than *Lynce* with *Galilaus* art :
 Seeing *Eliahs* Chariot, we fear
 There is some fiery prod'gy in the air :
 When Christ to purge his Temple, holds his whip,
 How nimbly hucksters with their baskets skip.
 St. *Peters* fishes are so lively wrought, (caught.
 Some cheapen them, and ask when they were
 Here's motions painted too : Chariots so fast
 Run, that they'r never gone, though alwayes past.
 The Angels with their Lutes are done so true,
 We do not onely look, but hearken too,
 As if their sounds were painted : thus the wit
 O'th' pencil hath drawn more then there can fit.
 Thus (as in *Archimedes* sphere) you may
 In a small glass, the Universe survey :

Such various shapes are too i'th' imag'ry,
 As age and sex may their own features see,
 But if the window cannot shew your face,
 Look under feet, the Marble is your glass;
 Which too, for more then ornament, is there,
 The stones may learn your eyes to shed a tear,
 They never work upon the conscience;
 They cannot make us kneel, we are not such,
 As think there's Balsom in the Kiss, or Touch,
 That were gross superstition we know;
 There's no more pow'r in them then the Popes
 Toe.

The Saints themselves for us can do no good,
 Much less their pictures drawn in glass, or wood,
 They cannot seal, but since they signifie,
 They may be worthy of a cast o'th eye,
 Although no worship: that is due alone,
 Not to the Carpenters, but Gods own Son;
 Obedience to blocks deserves the Rod,
 The Lord may well be then a jealous God.
 Why should not statues now be due to *Paul*,
 As to the *Cæsars* of the Cappitol?
 How many images of great Heirs, which
 Had nothing but the din of being rich,
 Shine in our Temples? kneeling alwayes there;
 Where, when they were alive, they'd scarce appear
 Yet shall Christs Sepulcher have ne're a Tomb?
 Shall every Saint have a *John Baptists* Doom?
 No limb of *Mary* stand? must we forget
 Christs Cross, as soon as past the Alphabet?

Shall

Shal not their heads have room i'th' window, who
 Founded our Church, and our Religion too?
 We know that God's a spirit, we confess
 We cannot comprehend his name, much less
 Can a small glass his nature: but since he
 Vouchsafed to suffer his humanity;
 Why may not we (ohely to put's in minde
 Of's Godhead) have his manhood thus enshrind?
 Is our Kings person less esteem'd, because
 We read him in our Coins as well as Laws?

Do what we can, whether we think, or paint,
 All Gods expressions are but weak and faint,
 Yet Spots in Globes must not be blotted thence,
 That cannot shew the World's magnificence,
 Nor is it fit we should the skill controul,
 Because the Artist cannot draw the Soul.
 Cease then your railings and your dull complaints,
 To pull down Galleries and set up Saints
 Is no impiety: now we may well
 Say that our Church is truly visible:
 Those that before our glass scaffolds prefer
 Would turn our Temple to a Theater,
 Windows are Pulpits now; though unlearn'd, one
 May read this Bibles new Edition.
 Instead of here and there, a verse adorn'd
 Round with a Lace of paint, fit to be scorn'd.
 Even by vulgar eyes, each pane presents
 Whole Chapters with both comment & contents,
 The cloudy mysteries of the Gospel here
 Transparent as the Crystal do appear,

'Tis not to see things darkly through a glass,
 Here you may see our Saviour face to face;
 And whereas Feasts come seldom, here's descri'd
 A constant *Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide*:
 Let the deaf hither come, no matter though
 Faiths sense be lost, we a new way can show,
 Here we can teach them to believe by th' eye
 These silenc'd Ministers do edifie:
 The Scriptures ray's contracted in a glass,
 Like Emblems, do with greater vertue pass:
 Look in the Book of Martyrs, and you'll see
 More by the Pictures then the History:
 That price for things in colours oft we give, (live,
 Which we'd not take to have them while they
 Such is the power of painting, that it makes
 A loving sympathy: 'twixt men and snakes,
 Hence then *Pauls* doctrine may seem more divine,
 As *Amber* through a glass doth clearer shine:
 Words pass away, as soon as head-ache gone,
 We read in books what here we dwell upon;
 Thus then there's no more fault in imag'ry.
 Then there's in the *Practise of Piety*,
 Both edifie: what is in Letters there,
 Is writ in plainer Hieroglyphicks here;
 'Tis not a new Religion we have chose,
 'Tis the same body, but in better clothes:
 You'll say they make us gaze when we should pray,
 And that our thoughts do on the figures stray;
 If so, you may conclude us beasts: what they
 Have for their object, is to us the way.

Did any e're use Prospective to see
 No farther then the glafs, or can there be
 Such lazy Travellers so giv'n to fin,
 As that they'l take their dwelling at the Inne?
 A Christians fight rests in Divinity,
 Signs are but spectacles to help Faiths eye,
 God is the Center; dwelling on these words,
 My Muse a Sabbath to my brain affords;
 If their nice wits more solemn proof exact,
 Know, this was meant a Poem, not a Tract.

The Anti-Platonick,

1.	The frothy part of man?
F ond Love, what dost thou mean	No, no, they hate a <i>Paritan</i> .
To court an idle Folly,	4. They care not for your sight,
<i>Platonick</i> love is nothing else	Nor your erected eyes,
But meerly melancholly,	They hate to heare a man
'Tis active Love that makes us jolly.	complain,
2.	Alas! he dies, he dies;
To dore upon a face,	Believe't they love a closer
Or court a sparkling eye,	prize.
Or to esteem a dimpled cheek	5.
Compleat felicity,	Then venter to embrace,
'Tis to betray ones liberty.	'Tis but a smack or two!
3.	I'm confident no woman
Then pray be not so fond,	lives,
Think you that women can	But sometimes she will do,
Rest satisfi'd with complement	The fault lies not in her, but
	you,

*A Sad Suit in a Petitionary Poem, sent by a
poor Schollar to his Parron.*

Wonder not why these Lines come to your
hand,
The naked truth you soon shall understand :
I have a Suit to you, that you would be
So kind as send another *Suit* to me :
The Spring appears, & now beasts, birds and bees,
The fruitful fields, gay gardens, and tall trees
Are covered, all things that do creep or flie,
Are putting their Apparel on, but I.
Time hath impair'd my Breeches, they shew, Sir,
Like the Scotch Flags that hang in *Westminster*.
Round about *London* the hedges and the ditches,
As they catch wool, wear fragments of my briches.
My patches dangle on my tattered trowses,
Like hens and chickens which hang up in houses,
And having crackt out the contracting stitches,
They look rather like Petticoats than Briches,
So that my Doublet pinn'd, makes me appear
Not like a man, but a Loose-waistcoateer.
The women call'd me woman, till the fools
Spy'd their mistake thorough my pocket holes.
My Waste-band's wasted, and my Doublet looks
Like him that wears it, quite off o'th' hooks.
My eyes are out, and all my Button-moulds
Drop like ripe Hazel-nuts out of their hulls.
The suburbs of my Jacket are so gone,
I have not left a skirt to sit upon.

My Doublet canvas be'n worn out behinde,
 I put a Poem there, to keep out winde.
 Two sly knaves follow'd me, and one or both,
 Like boys in Horn-books, read it through the cloth
 My Belly-pieces are so fat, they will
 If roasted, serve for belly pieces still.
 Last *Shrove-tide* my fore-skirt, as I'm a sinner,
 Fell in the Batter, and was fry'd for dinner, (it
 And when the wench saw how my jaws did knock
 She would have made a Pancake of my pocket.
 That which I call a shirt, looks like a clout
 Which some unhappy Gibbet had worn out.
 Sir, as I am a live man, and a Schollar,
 This very spring will purge away my choler :
 My weed's so plough'd & harrowed, that I know,
 Unless I can get new, 'tis time to sow.
 About my neck, as you may understand,
 By the Demiddium's a right falling band.
 I wear a pair of Cuffs withal, and they
 Look like those torn which men snatch in a fray.
 I had a Girdle too when I was drest,
 Which was long since, but now (ungirt unblest)
 Instead of wearing powd' red hair, my chief
 Invention is to get me powd' red Beef.
 My Hat's so full of holes, I can't devise
 A way how I should pluck it o're my eyes :
 My shoes and I in one condition roul,
 And both appear as if we had no soul :
 My stocking-calves the best of all my stock,
 Are paradiz'd as naked as my Nock.

I'm like a Clock my self, which if fair weather
 Should separate, no Art can put together :
 My Books are run away from off my shelf,
 I cannot coat my Authour, nor my self ;
 For like Sir *Wills* Heroick Verse they be,
 Heaven knows, all in the Land of *Lombardy*.
 That Land of Ignorance, and full of ills,
 Where Scholars teeth are their own Paper-mills.
 Sir, I am piece'd like Cottages with thatch,
 The old and new do sum up one grand patch :
 Then pray Sir, quickly send me some redress,
 Lest my Suit falls, as a Cloud vanishes ;
 For it is now by most mens approbation,
 The next degree unto annihilation :
 Sir, to be brief, 'tis a confused rude
 Rag, that admits of no similitude ;
 There's no imagination that can strike it,
 'Tis so like nothing, that there's nothing like it.

The poor Cavalier, in memory of his old Suit.

THOUGH thou hast lasted 'bove a thousand days,
 Til thou art ag'd & gray through advers ways,
 Yet malice in its highest, dare pronouuce,
 No other, but that thou wer'st Scarlet once.
 As in fair Beauties innocently dead,
 Their very paleness hath a tinct of red :
 Under thy gray, discernably thin streams
 Lies, like to shipwrackt Strawberries in Cream.
 I know 'tis vain to boast what thou hast been,
 Yet thou wert red, when bloody votes were green,
E're

Ere ripe Rebellion had a full-age power,
 To commit *Laud*, and *Gourney* to the Tower :
 Ere middle-fighted Judgement understood,
 That 'twas 'gainst sense oth' Houses to be good.
 It is no humble honor of thy fate,
 To follow in thy sufferings, those of State :
 I have observ'd since *Lesley's* coming in,
 Thou hast been still declining with the King,
 Spite *Fairfax*, and the *Scots* did all agree,
 To take our sleep from us, thy nap from thee :
 But to declare thee in the State concern'd,
 When *Pomfret* was reliev'd, then thou wert turn'd.
 Prove thou didst wear new Buttons on thy brest,
 When baffel'd *Waller* did retreat from th' West ;
 When taken *Leicester* rais'd our thoughts and
 Then wert thou reinforced in the breech. (speech
 Thanks to my tops & care, which thought it meet,
 To rob my legs to keep thee on thy feet.
 Nay, may I want belief, if when the report
 Of lost *Bridgewater* first arriv'd at Court.
 Each whisper did not rend thee : I could tell
 Still by new holes, how our disasters fell.
 At *Langport* when the West was well ago,
 (A sad mischance) thy Rear miscarried too,
 And by a strong intelligence at the same time,
 Thy hooks & buttons sprang with *Sherburns* mine,
 Now peace be with thy dust, whilst I do mourn,
 And loyally industrious close thy Urn ;
 For the next motion to a calm in th' air,
 Will thy poor extants into pieces tare ;

And

And as the wind when th' winged Nation pays
 Their feather'd tribute, sends it several ways,
 One fragment would into *Bridge-water* fall,
 In *Sherburn* one, in several Garrisons all,
 And th' insolent Rebels at that sight be won
 To think our thred of life like thine be done.
 No, *quondam Suis*, I'll keep thee from their claws.
 Rotten as th' art, thou shalt be sound for th' Cause.
 Rather then to our prejudice be disperst,
 Thou shalt make *Jack-of-lent's* and *Babies* first,
 Bait fishers hooks to couzen *Mackrels* lips,
 Because they keep the seas with Rebels ships;
 Make good a field of Pease against *Jack-daw*,
 Reduce revolting *Turkies* into awe;
 And every part of thee shall be employ'd
 To serve against Rebellion and Pride.
 And as the pious Ancients use to rear
 Tombs to the bodies, which they know not where
 To finde, to thee pure shade of shades (for in
 This mortal life no ghost could be more thin)
 This monumental Paper I do vow,
 And thank God I've another habit now.

To the *Queen*.

Great *Queen*,

WHom tumults lessen not, whose womb, we
 see,
 Keeps the same method still, the same decree;
 And midst the brandisht swords, & trumpets voice
 Brings forth a Prince, a conquest to that noise.

We

We greet the courage of your Births? and spy
Your Consorts spirit dancing in your eye.
Valour he shrouds in armour, you in vail;
You wrapt in tiffany, and he in mail.

The fair'st bloom might since the seasons lour,
Lose all its scent, and turn a common flow'r:
A storm might blast the beauty of that brow,
And the fresh Rose shrink from its glory now.
But there the constant flower in tempests gay,
As in the silent whispers of the day,
Can thrive in blasts, and alike fruitful be,
When *Charls* in steel, or *Charls* in robes you see,
You smile a Mother, when the just King stands,
Or with a show'r, or thunder in his hands.

Thus you alone seated above all Jars,
Turn noise to Tunes, and lightning into Stars.

An Elegy on Ben. Johnson.

Poet of Princes, Prince of Poets (we,
If to *Apollo*, well may pray to thee.)
Give Glowworms leave to peep, who till thy night
Could not be seen, we darkened were with light;
For stars t' appear after the fall o'th' sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint found in a field, or wall;
Our inner Verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth,
And like a statue homely fashion'd, raise
Some trophies to thy mem'ry, though not praise.
Those

Those shallow Sirs, who want sharp sight to look
 On the majestick splendor of thy book,
 That rather chuse to hear an *Archy* prate,
 Then the full sense of a learn'd Laureate ;
 May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
 Admire the solemn measure of thy wit,
 And like thy works beyond a gawdy show
 Of boards and canvass, wrought by *Inigo*.
 Plough-men, who puzzled are with figures, come
 By tallies to the reck'ning of a sum,
 And milk-sop heirs, which from their mothers lap
 Scarce travell'd, know far Countreys by a map.
Shakespear may make griefs, merry *Beaumonts* stile
 Ravish and melt anger into a smile ;
 In winter nights, or after meals, they be,
 I must confesse very good company ;
 But thou exact'st our best hours industry,
 We may read them, we ought to study thee ;
 Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give
 Counsel, and teach us, not to laugh, but live.

You that with towring thoughts presume so high,
 (Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany)
 To dream on Scepters, whose brave mischief calls
 The blood of Kings to their last funerals,
 Learn from *Sejanus* his high fall, to proye
 To thy dread Sovereign a sacred love ;
 Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,
 And may his Tragedy thy Lecture be ;
 Learn the compendious age of slippery power,
 That's built on blood, and may one little hour

Teach

Teach thy bold rashness, that it is not safe,
 To build a kingdom on a *Cæsars* grave;
 Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, onely 'cause
 They'r good, and favour of our Kingdoms Laws,
Histrion-Masticks (lightning-like) doth wound
 Those things alone that solid are and sound.
 Thus guilty men hate justice, so a glass,
 Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face;
 There's none that wish thee rods, instead of bayes,
 But such whose very hate addes to thy praise;
 Let Scriblers (that writ post and versifie
 With no more leasure than we cast a Dye)
 Spur on their *Pegasus*, and proudly cry,
 This verse I made i'th' twinkling of an eye;
 Thou could'st have done so, hadst thou thought
 it fit,

But 'twas the wisdom of thy Muse to fit
 And weigh each syllable, suffering nought to pass,
 But what could be no better than it was;
 Those that keep pompous state, ne're go in haste;
 Thou went'st before them all though not so fast;
 While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate,
 As birth, and sells like Alm'nacks out of date,
 The marbled glory of thy labour'd rhyme
 Shall live beyond the Calender of time,
 Who will their Meteors 'bove thy Sun advance,
 Thine are the works of Judgement, theirs of
 Chance.

How this whole Kingdom's in thy debt, we have
 From others periwigs and paint, to save

Our

Our ruin'd skulls, and faces ; but to thee
 We owe our tongues, and fancies remedie.
 Thy Poems make us Poets, we may lack
 (Reading thy book) stoln sentences and Sack.
 He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
 Whether he will or no, must make a verse.
 Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit
 Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot
 Our Canting English (of it self alone,
 I had almost said a confusion)
 Is now all harmony ; what we did say
 Before was tuning onely, this is play.
 Strangers who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
 To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue,
 As unto birds that sing : if't be so good
 When heard alone , what is 't when understood !
 Thou shalt be read as Classick Authours ; and
 As Greek and Latine taught in every land.
 The cringing *Monsieur* shall thy language vent,
 When he would melt his wench with complement
 Using thy phrases, he may have his wish,
 Of a coy Nun, without an angry pish ?
 And yet in all thy Poems there is shown
 Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
 Rome will confess that thou mak'st *Caspar* talk
 In greater state and pomp than he could walk ;
Catalines tongue is the true edge of swords,
 We now not onely feel, but hear thy words ;
 Who *Tully* in thy Idiom understands,
 Will swear that his Orations are commands :

But that which could with richer language dress
 The highest sense, cannot thy words express.
 Had I thy own invention, which affords
 Words above action, matter above words,
 To crown thy merits, I should onely be
 Sumptuously poor, low in Hyperbole.

Another on Ben. Johnson.

Who first reform'd our stage with justest Laws,
 And was the first best Judg in his own cause
 Who (when his actors trembled for applause)

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
 His own, by right, t' a noble Theater;
 From principles, which he knew could not erre.

Who to his fable did his person fit,
 With all the properties of Art and Wit,
 And above all that could be acted, writ.

Who publick follies did to covert drive,
 Which he again could cunningly retriue,
 Leaving them no ground to rest on and thrive.

Here *Johnson* lies, whom had I nam'd before,
 In that one word alone I had paid more,
 Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

To his Mistress.

Come (dearest *Julia*) thou and I
 Will knit us in so strict a tie,
 As shall with greater power ingage,
 Than feeble charms of marriage;

We

We will be friends, our thoughts shall go,
 Without impeachment, to and fro;
 The same desires shall elevate
 Our mingled souls, the self-same hate
 Shall cause a version, we will hear
 One sympathizing hope and fear;
 And for to move more close, we'll frame
 Our triumphs and our tears the same:
 Yet will we ne're so grossly dare,
 As our ignobler selves to share;
 Let men desire like those above,
 Spiritual forms, we'll onely love;
 And teach the ruder world to shame,
 When heat encreaserh to a flame:
 Love's like a Landskip, which doth stand,
 Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

A sight of the Ruines of St. Pauls.

Homers vaste Iliads found so small a Cell,
 They refuse were to th' Cloyster of a shell;
 There fate attends, there ruine, *Pauls* must be
 Unto it self both Urn and Elegy;
 But must the Marble from thy Carcase rent,
 Thy glory once, now turn thy Monument?
 Can there no Sheet, nor Sear-cloath be allow'd,
 But thy own lead to be thy funeral-shroud:
 Since by their publick Vote this was thy doom,
 Thou and Religion are to have one Tomb,
 And wrapt up in a heap of Ruines, lye
 Intomb'd i'th' Center of an Anarchy.

Must thou thy self, thy crumbled self interre,
And to thy self be thy own Sepulcher;
Nay, must thy Ruines too, instead of Verse,
Hang like dull Pendants on thy scatter'd Herse?
Sure when the Eastern Monarchs shook away
The narrow circumscription of their Clay,
'Twas thought contracted mankinde did expire,
And mix its ashes with their funeral Fire.

Such Hecatombs of dying Tribes became
Unto their Urns both Hecatomb and Flame;
So now, the unhallow'd breath of storms, have
This Pile into a rude Confusion; (thrown
And from its aged head fierce Zeal hathi torn
That rev'rent pomp which there so long was worn,
That now its face appears like wither'd Care,
Or wilder then the looks of Fevers are.

All other Churches, which like lesser Rayes,
Darted their light from this Sun's nobler blaze,
Did into order, and fair Figure Fall,

As transcripts drawn from this Original;
Lest this sad heap its Funeral-right should lack,
Each wears its Ruines like to solemn black;
But if this will not serve, the dust of those

Which slumber in their silence and repose
Of their cold Urns, will like an Earthquake swell,
And break the gloomy Cloyster of each Cell,
That treasures up their drowfie clay, and make
All the Convulsed Limbs of London shake,
So long until it drop one heap, and be
At once its Mourner, Tomb, and Obsequie.

A Relation of a Quaker, that to the shame of his Profession, attempted to Buggar a Mare near Colchester.

<p>ALl in the Land of Essex Near Colchester the zealous, On the side of a banck Was play'd such a prank, As would make a stone-horse jealous. Help Woodcock, Fox, & Nailor For brother Green's a Scalion Now alas what hope, Of converting the Pope, When a Quaker turns Italian. Unto our whole profession, A scandal 'twill be counted, When 'tis talkt with disdain Amongst the profane, How brother Green was mounted. And in the good time of Christmas, Which though the saints have damn'd all, Yet when did they hear Of a damn'd Cavalier E're plaid such a Christmas Gambal? Had thy flesh, O Green, been pamper'd (low'd, With any Creature unhal- Hadst thou sweetned thy Gums With Portage of Plumbs, Or profane minc'd Pyc hadst swallow'd,</p>	<p>Roll'd up in wanton swines flesh, The fiend might have crept into thee, Then fulness of gut Might have made thee run, And the devil so have rid through thee. But alas he had been feasted With a Spiritual Collation By our frugal Mayor, Who can dine with a Prayer And sup with an Exhortation 'Twas meer impulse of spirit, Though he us'd the weapons carnal, Filly foal quoth he, My Bride thou shalt be: Now how this is lawful, learn all. For if no respect of persons Be due 'mongst the Sons of Adam, In a large extent, Then it may be meant That a Mare's as good as a Madam. Then without more ceremony Nor Bonner vail'd, nor kiss her, He took her by force, For better for worse, And he us'd her like a Sister. Now</p>
--	--

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
Though I dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some back-
sliding?

No surely, quoth *James*
Nailor,

'Twas but an insurrection
Of the Carnal part,
For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.
For so our matters teach us,
The intent being well directed,

Though the devil trapan
The Adamical man,
The Saint stands uninfected,
But yet a Pagan Jury
Still judges what's intended,

Then say what we can,
Brother *Green's* outward
man

I fear will be suspended.
And our adopted Sister
Will finde no better quarter,

But when him we idroul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shal pass at least for a martyr
Now Rome that spiritual
Sodom,

No longer is thy debter,
O *Colchester* now
Who's *Sodom* but thou,
Even according to the letter?
Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, & *Nailor*
For brother *Green's* a Stallion
Now alas what hope

Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian.

Upon a Talkative Woman.

Peace Beldam Ugly, thou'lt not finde
M' ears bottles for enchanted winde;
That breath of thine can onely raise
New storms, and discompose the Seas.
It may (assisted by thy clatter)
A Pigmæan army scatter;
Or move, without the smallest strain.
Loretto's Chappel once again,
And blow *St. Goodrick* while he prays,
And knows not what it is he says.

And help false Latine with a hem,
From *Finkley* to *Jerusalem*,
Or in th' *Pacificque* Sea supply
The winde that Nature doth deny.
What, do'st thou think I can retain
All this, and spout it out again ?
As a furcharged whale doth spew
Old rivers, to receive in new :
Thou art deceiv'd, even *Æol's* cave,
That can all other blasts receive,
Would be too small to let in thine ?
How then these narrow ears of mine ?
Defect of Organs may with me pass,
By chance to pillorize an asse ;
Yet should I shake his ears, they'd be
Not long enough to heark to thee.
Yet if thou hast a minde to hear,
How high thy voices merits are ;
Go serve the States, thou'lt useful come,
And have the pay of every Drum,
Or trudge to *Utrecht*, there out-run
Dame *Scuermans* score of tongues with one.
But pray be still, for I do swear
No torment's like that of the ear,
O let me when I chance to dye
In *Vulcan's* Anvil buried lie,
Rather then hear thy tongue once knell,
That Tom of Lincoln and Bow-bell.

The second Part of the Scots Apostacy.

GO helpless Virgins, teach some calmer breast
 To sing a *Peau* at a Marriage-feast,
 Inspire some pewling Lover, or with some
 Sad friend weep forth an *Epicedium*.
 To these you may be welcome, but God wot,
 You have not gaul enough to name a *Scot*.

I must invoke the Furies to awake
 My rage, and impeach letter with a snake :
 Help, help good *Enyo*, thou who dost delight
 In blood and slaughter, fill my veins with spice,
 Prompt thou my dull invention, and disperse
 Some potent venom trough my *Basilick*-verse,
 That so my breath may blast them, and each word
 Do execution like the *Halls-man's* sword.
 Were my tongue fork't, and dipped like my mind,
 In poison, though I left the sting behind,
Scots, you should feel it, you my scorpion rhimes
 Should reach, though justice cannot reach your
 crimes.

How my flesh trembles ! oh you cursed brood
 Of *Cain* and *Judas*, fatted with the blood
 Of innocents, how long will heaven permit
 Your devillish art, or you to practice it ?
 Sleeps the eternal Justice, or forbears
 Onely for want of Executioners ?
 'Tis so you have escap'd, because no curse
 Can be so great, but you deserve a worse.

Your sins have sav'd you, pray you take them home
 'Tis more then innocence could do by some ;
 Yet you have got a strange prerogative,
 That which condemns you, makes you now alive,
 And though belike the Hang-man he can draw
 No blood, but what is forfeited by Law,
 Yet 'tis no humble honour that you deign
 Observant of these *Partians* discipline,
 Who dare affirm that *Scots* did never yet,
 Before their thievery, did earn their meat :
 Thus hopefully brought up, at length you got
 A way how to out-go the Powder-plot ;
 For had that practise undiscover'd stood,
 Some bad had likewise perisht with the good :
 But you, right Imps of Satan, onely bent
 Your malice to betray the innocent,
 Making the Jews your pattern, letting pass
 Sentence on Christ, and sparing *Barrabas*.
 Nor could the meaner rank of men suffice
 Your treachery, thence profit none could rise ;
 For what you had you'd seem to have forgot
 The devilish Maxims of *Iscaiot*,
 The grand professor of your doctrine, you,
 As he sold his, have sold your Master too.
 May be you thought like *Josephs* brethren, thus
 By selling him to make him glorious :
 Hell take your craft, 'twas *Judas* taught you this,
 How to betray your Master with a Kiss :
 This is a sin could not be pattern'd by
 The worst examples of fell Tyranny.

When

When as incens'd *Cataline*, whose breath
 Breathed it, prescrib'd the City nought but death.
 When in his proud conceit *Rome* seem'd to burn,
 And did all really drop into its Urn.
 The ravisht Virgins slain, beastly desire
 Was quencht with blood, to quench that Goddess
 fire ;

Yet her impious thoughts did not prevail
 So far, to set the Senators to sale.
 I must commend your plain fore-fathers way,
 Who weary of their Prince, did onely slay
 His person, and then straight did chuse a new,
 They never murthered the Title too ;
 Yet were they counted Traitors in those times,
 But oh ! what disproportions in your crimes ?
 Their hate was finite, dying in his fall,
 They kill'd ; yours infinite, and strikes at all :
 Not onely endangering your Princes health,
 But even murthering Majesty it self.
 They oft gave money to be rid of one,
 But you take money, that you might have none ;
 And yet Religion must become the vail
 To cover your Enormities withal,
 When truth can witness that you never knew
 More of Religion then the name comes too.
 Oh monstrous times ! more monstrous men, who
 force
 Heavens fairest childe to be sins stalking-horse !
 Could not the sacred name of *King* restrain
 Your avarice from such impious gain ?

No, were the name of so much worth to you,
 The name had been made mercenary too;
 For to such bold attempters as dare frame
 A senseless Idol of the saving name
 Of *Jesus*: 'twere an easie thing
 To make a Tyrant of the name of King:
 And so with the same colour *Brute* once sent
 The very Title into banishment.
 You bruits may do the like, and make a room
 At least of this, though nothing else at home.
 A cruel, faithless Nation, never true,
 But to your selves, I should think Cowards too,
 But that I see you dare in fresh deeds sport
 After this Crime, and fear no vengeance for't.

The Definition of a Protector.

WHat's a Protector? He's a stately thing,
 That Apes it in the non-age of a King.
 A Tragick Actor, *Cesar* in a Clown,
 He's a brass Farthing stamped with a Crown.
 A Bladder blown with others breath puffed full,
 Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus* Bull.
Æsops proud Ass vail'd in the Lions skin,
 An outward Saint lin'd with a devil within.
 An Echo whence the Royal sound doth come,
 But just as a Barrel-head, sounds like a drum.
 Fantastick image of the Royal Head,
 The Brewers, with the Kings Arms, quartered:
 He is a counterfeited Piece, that shows
Charls his Effigies with a Copper Nose.

In fine; he's one we must Protector call,
From whom the King of kings protect us all.

{ PROTECTOR. } O Portet C. R.
{ Anagram. }

*Upon the new Invention of Flying with Chymicall
Magick, with a Description of his Castle of Com-
fort.*

TEll us no more of *Icarus*,
Of *Hypogryph*, or *Pegasus*,
Or of *Menippus* journeyings
With *Eagles*, and with *Vultures* wings,
Nor of the *Ganza's*, which did soon
Transport *Don Diego* to the Moon.
These are inventions old and stale,
The dull effects of muddy Ale;
For we have got a newer trick, Sir,
Which far out-does the fam'd *Elixir*.
Give us a man in bulk as vaste,
As th' *Tun* at *Heidelberg* i'th' waste,
Or greater if it well may be
Then *Garagantu's* two or three,
We'l so calcine him, that he shall
Even become Aerial.
Give us an *Hostess* fat and dull,
With *Guts* at least a *Dung-cart* full,
Whose *Corps* appears in outward show,
Just like a lump of leaven'd Dough,

We

We can by Spirits, and by Art
Evaporate her carnal part.
And make her mount the Welkin blew,
A way that never any knew.

About the middle of *Long-Aker*,
(If I be not a great mistaker)
A noble high built Castle stands,
Which far and near the Coast commands:
A Lion Couchant guards the door,
Which though he gapes, yet doth not roar,
And though his teeth may chance to fright you,
Yet you may enter, he'll not bite you.
Here, here springs that Celestial Fount,
Which makes both souls and bodies mount.
The great Commander of this Fort,
Tells you in earnest, not in sport.
That heretofore his total weight
Was full three hundred sans deceit,
But since he in this place did fix,
'Tis but two hundred thirty fix,
Quickly he could put off this load,
But finding yet that his abroad
Unto the world is necessary,
He is content a while to tarry.
But when dull mortals shall begin,
By their ingratitude and sin
To fright him hence, then in a trice
He'll fly away by this device.
Have you not seen i'th' moneth of *May*,
An egg by force of *Phæbus* ray

Drawn

Drawn from the earth, fill'd with a few
Collected drops of morning-dew?

Can Dew do this? and shall not we
Believe more volarility

To be in Spirits sublimate?

Yes that we will, in spite of fate.

Besides, the stones which *Mongibel*
Disgorges from the mouth of hell,

Are so calcin'd, that at their fall,

They'l not in water sink at all.

Can *Aetna's* flames do thus to stones?

And do we think that flesh and bones

May not by a more subtile fire,

Be raised to perfection higher?

If bodies all composed be

Of Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,

Easie it is by Chymick skill

To make the fix'd Salt volatil;

Which being done, for company

The other will together flye.

This is the way, and onely this,

Who ever hits it, cannot miss.

Come then ingenious souls that may

By this discovery, finde a way

To seek new worlds above the sphears,

And pull *Endimion* by the ears.

Let *France* and *Spain* enjoy their Wine,

We have a Liquor more divine,

Which by the learneds approbation

Is call'd *A Cup of Consolation*.

This

This, this will make you mount the skies,
 Like nimble winged *Mercuries*;
 For who the operation feels
 Of this, hath wings in's head and heels.

The Coachman of St. James'es.

THe whip again? Away, 'tis too absurd,
 That thou shouldst lash with *whip-cord* now,
 but *sword*.

I'm pleas'd to fancy how the glad Compact
 Of *Hackney-Coachmen* sneer at the last Act.
 Hark how the scoffing concourse hence derives
 The Proverb, *Needs must go when th' devil drives*.
 Yonder a *Whipster* cries, 'Tis a plain case,
 He turn'd us out, to put himself i'th' place;
 But *God-a-mercy* horses once, for ye
 Stood to't, and turn'd him out, as well as we.
 Another, not behinde them with his mocks,
 Cries out, *Sir, faith you were in the wrong box*.
 He did presume to rule, because *forsooth*
 Ha's been a *Horse Commander* from his youth;
 But he must know there's difference in the rains
 Of horses fed with oats, and fed with *grains*.
 I wonder at his frolick, for be sure
 Four pamper'd Coach-horses can *sling* a Brewer;
 But *Pride* will have a fall, such the worlds course is,
 He that can rule three Realms, can't guide four
 Horses.

See him that trampled thousands in their gore,
 Dismounted by a party, but of *four*.

But

But we have done with't, and we may him call,
 In's driving *Jehu*, *Phaeton* in's fall:
 I would to God for these three *Kingdoms* sake,
 His neck, and not the *whip* had given the crack.

On Black Eyes.

IN faith, 'tis true, I am in love,
 'Tis your black eyes have made me so;
 My resolutions they remove,
 And former niceness overthrow.

2. Those glowing char-coals set on fire
 A heart, that former flames did shun,
 Who as *Heretick* unto desire
 Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

3. But beauty, since it is thy fate,
 At distance thus to wound so sure,
 Thy vertues I will imitate,
 And see if distance prove a cure.

4. Then farewell *Mistriss*, farewell *Love*,
 Those lately entertain'd desires,
 Wise men can from that plague remove;
 Farewel black eyes, and farewell fires.

5. If ever I my heart acquit
 Of those dull flames, I'll bid a *Pox*
 On all black eyes, and swear they'r fit
 For nothing but a *Tinder-box*.

In Nuptias Principis Auranchii & D. Mariæ
 filiæ Regis Angliæ.

F*ama Refert nostris terras habuisse barânas,
 Atque unum quondam gentibus esse solum;*

Oceanum.

Oceanumque, duas qui nunc interluit oras,
 Fluctibus haud semper dissecuisse smis.
 Migras in historiam fueras quæ fabula, radi,
 Oceanusque tuo jam tandem pulsus amore est;
 Et cedunt flammis, pontus & undæ tuis;
 Dùm populus populi procus est, passusque sagittas
 Nubentis simili principis igne calet,
 Et tua dum nostras sociant sponsalia dextras,
 Connubii tandem fœdera nomen habent.
 Non sponsam, Fateor, paribus natalibus aquas,
 Nec similes thalamos fers similesve thoras;
 Nec te tam magnis jactus è Regibus ortum,
 Nec stirpem decorans Regna ter-ampla tuam;
 Haud tamen accedis minor; est pro sanguine virtus,
 Quodque illi Fœlix, dat tibi forte genus.
 Par Sceptris Patris Gladiis, tibi stemmate bellis
 Auxit, & antiquis Regibus aqua dedit.
 Par tua Regali viatrix domus, hinc quoque nobis
 Majorum factis Imperialis ades.
 Et licet in dotem sponsa non porrigis Indos,
 Sed plures conjux ferret Iberus opes;
 Gallus & in thalamos Rueret magis aureus, & te
 Ex arcâ vincat Natio multa sua;
 Tu tamen in dotem patris clara arma ministrans
 Ferrato in Gremium ditior Imbre ruis;
 Amplior & sors est Indis, adferre triumphos,
 Et par possessore victus Iberne adest.
 Cujus ad Ereptum, plus est quoddam nasceris, Aurum,
 Quam natum; Gemina est India capta, tua.
 Fersquo polo coctum, dives, sub utroque metallum;
 Et cadit in fiscum sol, oriturque, tuum;
 Dùm toties tibi vectat opes Hispania victas;
 Cedit & in census annua prada tuos.
 Nasceris, & puerum gens spoliata timet,
 Et atque metus nutrit, versasque coævos;
 Atque annis fingit damna futura tuis.
 Anticipatque tuos, Infantia lata, triumphos,

*Dim tenero foris Spiras in ore Pater.
 Qui sua bella, tuo cernet, sed mollia, vultu ;
 Misceturque tuis Marie Cupido genis.
 Hic gemina oppositis vibrantur vulnera telis,
 Currit ad hæc conjux, hostis & illa fugit.*

*Upon the Marriage of the young Prince of Orange
 with the Lady Mary.*

WE are no longer Island, speedily
 Cement these hands, Priest ; these our Isthmus be,
 Nor does the Sea divide us, but's become
 Our Wedding Ring, Type of our Union.
 Yet wedding's a too private stile, for this
 Not a plain mortal Match, but a League is ;
 A League that shall incorporate these two
 Nations, and that third which shall spring from you.
 Make haste then, and prevent your years, we all
 Long till we may the Belgian, Cousin call.
 While thus you couple young, you seem to be
 Espous'd, not by consent, but sympathy.
 And like the Vine and Elme secure from strife,
 Imbrace as born, not as made man and wife.
 And you may like the Vine too multiply,
 That he, who shall summe up your Progeny
 May be perswaded that you did bring forth
 Not twins, but clusters ; while their Native worth
 Ante-dates breeding, and your issues are
 Each Babe a sucking Heroe, Infant Star :
 But why do I these needless fancies vent ?
 Your Marriage is an Act of Parliament.
 The State's your Priest : your people too, who see
 You voted thus, thus sign'd, think you to be
 Not wedded but enacted, and do since
 Acknowledge you are now both Law and Prince,

Another upon the same.

TIs vain to wish them joyes ; nor is it meet
 Verses should pray, changing to knees their
 This were the cry, God help you, to a Saint, (feet,
 Can fulness fail, or glorious bodies faint ?
 Votes are for meaner wed-locks, where there is
 Some doubt or hazzard of a lasting blifs ;
 But now such labour's equally unwise,
 As is the Priest's that prayes for's Deities ;
 Blessings are proper to this Union,
 As heat to fire, or light is to the Sun ;
 Nor is't a wonder, for the Prince did woove
 Not Birth, Age, Beauty, but Religion too :
 Here faith & reason courts, this match doth prove
 Wisdom in Youth, and Policy in Love.
 Some Bridegrooms (like the days) all Nations try
 And cheapen every toy before they buy.
 When one is onely worthy, and worth all
 Those that were rivals for the golden ball,
 He could not look on more, without offence,
 A thirst of choice had thwarted providence.
 The Theban hearth could not divide these flames
 Which burnt through all the Seas, 'twixt *Rhyn*e
 and *Thames*,
 Nor were their hearts link'd by the painters hand,
 Or Legates voice, such bonds are ropes of sand ;
 They their own Councel, happier steps have trod,
 Who not salute the Image, but the God,
 Should he have had a speaker, who (tho young)
 Carries an ord'red Babel in his tongue ?

Or

Or should her beauty in faint colours lie,
When there's no Tablet worthy but his eye ?
This Sun and Moon may safely joyn their lips,
Who by their nearness banish all Eclipse.
Their flames & flow'rs (stoln kisses like) do make
Equal amends, and at once give and take.
Here are such emulous beauties, that some do
Think them united in one body too,
So that our eyes see double, as a face ;
Though single in the flesh, is two i'th' glass,
And 't must be so ; unless that's now confest,
Which once was solœcism, that both are best,
And each is all ; which large perfections are
Beyond our hopes and faiths, as well as prayer :
Thus then, here's nothing wanting, yet we may,
Although not for them, to them humbly pray.
Grant then Illustrious Prince (for we do vow
To know no Nuptial Deity but you)
Grant us our boon, although your abler parts
Make this a truer marriage of the Atts ;
Yet through your *Euclid* by, and onely look
To th' propositions of your living book,
And you'l conclude truth doth more clearly lie
There, then i'th maxims of Philosophy.
Measure o're all her limbs, and you will see
No such proportions in Geometry,
Instead of heavens rude Globes, survey her eyes,
There lurks no Snake, or Scorpion in those skies.
You'l there finde richer sphears, and blushing tell
How in those points Angels, like you, do dwell.

Since she to day made you a number, try
 Past of one Art alone to multiply.
 Think of no Tacticks, but of those which are
 Read in the martial'd orders of her hair.
 Though you with victory have Armies led,
 'Twas not so great a Triumph as to wed,
 Such fetters will increase your liberty;
 Count not these bonds amongst your Armory.
 Thus prisons prove strong forts, and foes are slain
 The second time, now by a captive chain.

And you (most gracious Lady, who alone
 Are all the Goddesses we call upon)
 Wear not too many Pearls, unless it be
 Upon a day of sad Humility.
 When you keep Masks, or celebrate a Feast,
 If you'd be rich, or glorious, come undrest,
 Gems do but hide sparks of a brighter hew,
 Those that are Stars to some, are Clouds to you;
 Think of no Jewel, but the Union
 That which the Priest, not Ladies did put on,
 And then you'll finde true lustre; eyes are dim,
 And weary with the light, but not of him; (known
 When you have made his Armes your seat, be't
 'Tis to debase your self, to sit i'th' Throne.

An Epitaph on Ben. Johnson.

THe Muses fairest Light in no dark time,
 The Wonder of a learned Age; the Line
 Which none can pass, the most proportion'd wit
 To Nature, the best Judge of what was fit:

The

The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;
 The voice most Eccho'd by consenting men ;
 The soul which answer'd best to all, well said
 By others, and which most requital made,
 Tun'd to the highest key of ancient *Rome*,
 Returning all her Musick with his own :
 In whom with Nature, Study claim'd a part,
 Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art :
 Here lies *Ben. Johnson*, every Age will look
 With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

On one that was deprived of his Testicles.

THOU Neuter Gender ! whom a Gown
 Can make a woman, Breeches none :
 Created one thing, made another,
 Not a Sister, scarce a Brother :
 Jack of both sides, that may bear,
 Or a distaff, or a spear,
 If thy fortune thither call,
 Be the Grand Signiors General,
 Or if thou fancy not that Trade,
 Turn th' Sultana's Chamber-maid ;
 A Medal where grim *Mars* turn'd right,
 Proves a smiling *Aphrodite* ;
 How doth Nature quibble, either
 He, or she, boy, girl, or neither.
 Thou may'st serve great *Jove* instead
 Of *Hebe* both and *Ganymed* :
 A face both stern and milde, cheeks bare,
 That still do onely promise hair,

Old *Cybele* the first in all
 This humane predicamental scale,
 Why should she chuse her Priests to be
 Such Individuums as ye ?
 Such insecta's, added on
 To creatures by subtraction,
 In whom Nature claims no part,
 Ye onely being words of Art.

To his Mistress.

WHat mystery is this ? that I should finde
 My blood, in kissing you, to stay behinde,
 'Twas not for want of colour, that requir'd
 My blood for paint : no Dye could be desir'd
 On that fair cheek, where Scarlet were a spot,
 And where the Juyce of Lillies but a blot :
 If at the presence of a murtherer,
 The wound will bleed, and tell the cause is there,
 A touch will do much more ; even so my heart,
 When secretly it felt your killing dart,
 Shewed it in blood, which yet doth more complain,
 Because it cannot be so toucht again,
 This wounded heart, to shew its love most true,
 Sent forth a drop, and wrote its minde to you :
 VVas ever paper half so white as this ?
 Or wax so yielding to the printed kifs ?
 Or seal so strong ? no letter e're was writ,
 That could the Authours minde so truly fit :
 For though my self to forreign Countreyes flie,
 My blood desires to keep you company ;

Here

Here I could spill it all, thus I can free
 My enemy from blood, though slain I be ;
 But slain I cannot be, nor meet with ill,
 Since, but to you, I have no blood to spill.

The Puritan.

With face and fashion to be known,
 For one of sure election,
 With eyes all white, and many a grone,
 With neck aside to draw in tone,
 With harp in's nose, or he is none.

See a new Teacher of the town,

O the town, O the towns new Teacher.

With pate cut shorter than the brow,
 With little ruff starch'd you know how,
 With cloak like *Paul*, no cape I throw,
 With Surplice none ; but lately now,
 With hands to thump, no knees to bow.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
 To get new gatherings every week,
 With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
 With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
 To finde out words, when stuff's to seek.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding, and intrusion,
 With some Outlandish Institution,
 With *Ursin's* Catechism to muse on,
 With *Systems* method for confusion,
 With grounds strong laid of meer illusion.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With

With Rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good works of Popery down banded,
And Moral Laws from him estranged,
Except the Sabbath still unchanged.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
For *Yea* and *Nay* hath some salvation,
For his own Tribe, not every Nation.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With after licence cost a crown,
When Bishop new had put him down,
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,
Of teaching men to hang and drown.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With flesh-provision to keep *Lent*,
With shelves of Sweet-meats often spent,
Which new Maid bought, old Lady sent,
Though to be say'd a poor present ;
Yet Legacies assure the event.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With Troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear Sermons, and no more ;
With noting tools, and sighs great store,
With Bibles great to turn them o're,
While he wrests places by the score.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With

With running Text, the nam'd forsaken,
 With *For* and *But*, both by sense shaken,
 Cheap doctrines forc'd, wild Uses taken,
 Both sometimes one, by mark mistaken,
 With any thing to any shapen,

See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought Caps, against the Canon,
 For taking cold, though sure he have none ;
 A sermons end, where he began one,
 A new hour long, when's glass had run one,
 New Use, new Points, new Notes to stand on.

See a new Teacher, &c.

The Flight.

My *Lelia* stay,

And run not thus like a young Roe away,

No enemy

Pursues thee (foolish Girl) 'tis onely I,

I'll keep off harms,

If thou'lt be pleas'd to garrison mine arms ;

What, dost thou fear

I'll turn a Traitor ? may these Roses here

To paleness shread,

And Lillies stand disguised in new red.

If that I lay

A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay ;

See, see the sun

Does slowly to his Azure Lodging run,

Come, sit but here,

And presently he'll quit our Hemisphere ;

So still, among
 Lovers, time is too short, or else too long ;
 Here will we spin
 Legends for them that have Loves martyrs bin ;
 Here on this plain,
 We'l talk *Narcissus* to a flower again :
 Come here, and chose
 On which of these proud plats thou wouldst re-
 Here may'st thou shame (pose,
 The rusty Violets with the crimson flame
 Of either cheek,
 And Primroses, white as thy fingers seek,
 Nay, thou may'st prove,
 That mans most noble passion is to love.
*To a Lady that wrought a Story of the
 Bible in Needle-work,*

COULD we judg here, most vertuous madam, then
 Your needle might receive praise from our pen
 But this our want bereaves it of that part,
 Whil'st to admire, and thank is all our art,
 The work deserves a shrine : I should rehearse
 Its glory in a story not in verse ;
 Colours are mixed so subt'ly, that thereby
 The strength of Art doth take and cheat the eye,
 At once a thousand we can gaze upon,
 But are deceiv'd by their transition,
 What touches is the same, beam takes from beam
 The next still like, yet diff'ring in the extream ;
 Here runs this tract, whither we see that tends,
 But cannot say, Here this, or there that ends :

Thus,

Thus, while they creep insensibly, we doubt,
Whether the one pow'rs not the other out.
Faces so quick and lively, that we may
Fear, if we turn our backs, they'l steal away
Postures of grief so true, that we may swear
Your artful finger have wrought Passion there ;
View we the Manger and the Babe, we thence
Believe the very Threds have innocence ;
Then on the Cross, such love, such grief we find,
As 'twere the Transcript of our Saviours mind,
Each parcel so expressive, each so fit. (writ :
That the whole seems not so much wrought as
'Tis sacred Text all, we may quote, and thence,
Extract what may be pass'd in our defence ;
Blest mother of the Church, be in the list
Reason'd with four, a She-Evangelist,
Nor can the stile be prophanation, when
The Needle may convert more than the Pen,
When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf,
Rightly perus'd, prove Gospel to the deaf :
Had not that *Helen* haply found the Cross,
By this your work you had repair'd that loss.
Tell me not of *Penelope*, we do
See a web here more chaste and sacred too.
Where are ye now, O women, ye that sowe
Temptations, lab'ring to express the bowe
Of the blinde Archer ? ye that rarely set
To please your Loves, a *Venus* in a net ?
Turn your skill hither, then we shall, no doubt,
See the Kings daughter glorious too without ;

Women

Women sow'd onely fig-leaves hicherto.
Eyes nakedness is onely cloath'd by you.

To the King.

THe Prince hath now an equal, and may see
 A fellow to his sports, as great as he:
 Nor need he lessen birth, or fall from state,
 Or be depos'd to an Associate;
 Or else to fit companions to his play,
 Need lay your Scepter or your Crown away.
 And now you may behold, Sir, by your side,
 Your Royal self grown more, and multipli'd,
 And those past years, before and since your reign,
 May in your Children see liv'd o're again;
 Who are your Emblems; and though none be free
 From fate, yet you in them immortal be:
 And whil'st we may preserve you living thus,
 When e're you die, you not depart from us;
 Your sons well keep most of you from the grave,
 So, though we change, we no new King shall have,
 You onely will be varied; as a grain
 Lost in a Harvest, more returns again.
 And though perchance we cannot say like those,
 Who are Heirs to their fathers eyes or nose,
 Report his look, and are so justly fac't
 Like him, as if they were not born but cast,
 That all these signs we in the Princes finde,
 Yet sure, there is more likeness in their minde,
 Which you conveyed them through their mother,
 Even thus did travel with your vertues too, (who
 Which

Which to descend to our dull sense and earth,
 Comes to us in their shapes, and suffer birth.
 And be your off-spring, who when Chronicle
 Is all we have, and Annals onely tell
 Your deeds and actions, and when men shall look
 And see the Prince and Duke do all the book,
 And live your Royal story, and that all
 Which you did well, was but propheticall,
 Will not be thought as your posterity,
 But you in them will your Successor be.

*To the Queen, upon the Birth of her
 first Daughter.*

AFTER the Princes birth, admired Queen,
 Had you prov'd barren, you had fruitful bin;
 And in one Heir born to his fathers place
 And royal minde, had brought us forth a race;
 But we, who thought we wisht enough to see
 A Prince of *Wales*, have now a progeny:
 And you being perfect now, have learnt the way
 To be with Childe as oft as we can pray.
 So that henceforth, we need no altars vex
 With empty vows, being heard in either Sex;
 Nor have we all our Kingdoms incense try'd
 So many years onely to be deny'd.
 We no desires but thankful off'rings bring,
 That bearing many, you prefer the King,
 And to us yet have but one daughter shown;
 Who else had been the Original alone.

Without

Without a Copy: for the shapes we see
 In tables of you but bright errors be;
 Nor could we hope Art could beget an Heir
 To that sweet form, unless your self did bear
 Your Portraiture, and in a daughter shew,
 That of your self, which yet no Painter drew,
 Who with his subtle hand and wisest skill
 Hath hitherto but striv'd to draw you ill;
 And when he takes his Pencil from your look,
 Find's colours make you but a piece mistook,
 And so paints treason, nor would have pretence
 To scape, but that he limmes a fair pretence:
 But in the Princess you are writ so plain
 And true, that in her you were born again.
 And when we see you both together plac't,
 You are your daughter, onely grown in haste.
 In both we may the self-same graces see,
 But that they yet in her but Infant be,
 Not woman beauties, nor will we despair
 The Prince and Duke of York have equal share
 In your perfections, which, though they divide,
 Make them both Prince enough by th' mothers
 Whose composition is so clear and good, (side:
 That we can see discourses in your blood,
 And understand your body, so refin'd,
 That of you might be born a soul or mind.
 O may you still be fruitful, and begin
 Henceforth to make our year by lying in.
 May we have store of Princes, and they live
 Till Heraulds doubt what titles they should give.

To

To this, may you be young still, and no other
Signs of more age found in you, but a Mother.

Upon one that Preacht in a Cloak.

SAw you the Cloak at Church to day,
The long worn short Cloak lin'd with Say?
What had the man no Gown to wear?
Or was this sent him from the Mayor?
Or is't the Cloak which Nixon brought
To trim the Tub, where Gollidge taught?
Or can this best conceal his lips,
And shew Communion-sitting hips?
Or was the Cloak St. Pauls? if so,
With it he found the Parchments too;
Yes, verily, for he hath been
With mine Hoast Gains, at the new Inne;
A Gown (God bless us) trails o'th floor,
Like th' Petticoat o'th' Scarlet Whore,
Whose large stiff plates, he dare confide,
Are ribs from Antichrists own side:
A mourning cope if it look to th' East,
Is the black Surplice of the Beast.

A Song of SACK.

COME let us drink away the time,
A Pox upon this pelting rime,
When Wine runs high, wit's in the prime:
Drink and stout Drinkers, are true joyes,
Odde Sonnets and such little toyes,
Are exercises fit for Boyes.

The

2. The whining Lover that doth place
His fancy on a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,
Would ne're in melancholly pine,
Had he affections so divine,
As once to fall in love with *Wine*.

3. Then to our Liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who drinks most *Wine*, hath the most wit:
The Gods themselves do Revels keep,
And in pure *Nectar* tipples deep,
When slothful mortals are asleep.

4. They fuddled me for recreation,
In water, which by all relation
Did cause *Deucalions* Inundation;
The *Spangled Globe* had it almost,
Their Cups were with salt water do'st,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Tost.

5. The Gods then let us imitate,
Secure from carping Care and Fate,
Wine, Wit, and Courage doth create:
In *Wine* *Apollo* alwayes chose
His darkeſt *Oracles* to diſcloſe,
'Twas *Wine* gave him his Ruby-nuſe.

6. Who dare's not drink's a wretched wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night:
Come fill my cup until it swim
With foam, that overlooks the brim.
Who drinks the deepeſt? *Here's to him*.

7. Sobriety and Study breeds
 Suspicion in our Acts and Deeds,
 The *Down-right Drunkard* no man heeds :
 Give me but *Sack, Tobacco* store,
 A *drunken friend*, a little *whore* ;
 Provide me these, I'll ask no more.

A Time-Sonner.

NOW that our holy wars are done
 Between the Father and the Son ;
 And since we have by righteous fate,
 Distrest a *Monarch* and his *Mate*,
 And forc'd their *Heirs* flee into *France*,
 To weep out their Inheritance.

Let's set open all our packs,
 That contain ten thousand racks,
 Cast on the shore of the red sea
 Of *Naseby* and of *Newberry*.

If then you will come provided with *Gold*,
 We dwell close by *Hell*, Where we'll sell
 What you will, That is ill,
 For Charity waxeth cold.

2. Hast thou done murder, or blood spilt ;
 We can soon get another name,
 That will keep thee from all blame ;
 But be it still provided thus,
 That thou hast once been one of us ;
 Gold is the God that shall pardon the guilt :

For we have
 What shall save
 Thee from th' grave ;
 Since the *Law*
 We can awe,

Although a famous *Princes* blood were spilt

3. If

3. If a *Church* thou hast bereft
 Of its *Plate*, 'tis *Holy Theft*.
 Or for *Zeal*-sake, if thou beest
 Prompted on to be a *Thief*,
 Gold is a sure prevailing *Advocate*;
 Then come, Bring a *Sum*, *Law* is dumb,
 And submits To our wits;
 For it's *Policy* guides a *State*.

The Parliament

Most Gracious and Omnipotent,
 And Everlasting *Parliament*,
 Whose power and Majesty
 Is greater, than all *Kings* by odds;
 And to account you less than *Gods*,
 Must needs be *Blasphemy*,

2. *Moses* and *Aaron* ne'r did do
 More wonders, then are wrought by you
 For *Englands Israel*;
 But though the *Red-sea* we have past,
 If you to *Canaan* bring's at last,
 Is't not a *Miracle*?

3. In six years space you have done more
 Than all the *Parliaments* before;
 You have quite done the work.
 The *King*, the *Cavalier*, and *Pope*,
 You have o'rethrown, and next we hope
 You will confound the *Turk*.

4. By you we have *Deliverance*,
 From the Design of *Spain* and *France*,
Ormond, *Mentross*, the *Danes*;

You aided by our *Brethren Scots*;
 Defeated have *Malignant Plots*,
 And brought your sword to *Cain's*.

5. What wholefom *Laws* have you ordain'd?
 Whereby our *Property's* maintain'd
 'Gainst those would us undo;
 So that our *Fortunes* and our *Lives*,
 Nay, what is dearer, our own *Wives*,
 Are wholly kept by you.

6. Oh! what a flourishing *Church* and *State*
 Have we enjoy'd e're since you sate
 With a glorious King (*God save him*)
 Have you now made his *Majesty*,
 Had he the grace but to comply,
 And do as you would have him?

7. Your *Directory* how to pray
 By th' *Spirit*, shews the perfect way.
 In Zeal you have abolisht
 The *Dagon* of the *Common-Prayer*,
 And next we see you will take care,
 That *Churches* be demolisht.

8. A multitude in every Trade
 Of painful Preachers you have made
 Learned, by *Revelation*:
Cambridge and *Oxford* make poor Preachers,
 Each *Shop* affordeth better Teachers,
O blessed Reformation!

9. Your Godly Wisdom hath found out
 The true Religion, without doubt;
 For sure among so many,

We have five hundred at the least,
Is not the *Gospel* much increast ?
All must be pure, if any.

10. Could you have done more piously,
Then sell *Church-Lands* the King to buy,
And stop the *Cities* plenty ?
Paying the *Scots-Church Militant*,
That the new *Gospel* helpt to plant,
God knows they are poor *Saints*.

11. Because th' *Apostles Creed* is lame,
Th' *Assembly* doth a better frame,
Which saves us all with ease ;
Provided still we have the grace
To believe th' *House* in the first place,
Be our works what they please.

12. 'Tis strange your *Power* and *Holiness*
Can't the *Irish devil* dispossess,
His end is very stout ;
But though you do so often pray,
And every moneth keep *Fasting-day*,
You cannot cast them out.

On the May Pole,

THE mighty zeal which thou hast late put on,
Neither by Prophet, nor by Prophets son
As yet prevented, doth transport me so
Beyond my self, that though I ne're could go
Far in a verse, and have all Rimes defi'd,
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* dy'd ;
Except

Except it were the little pains I took,
 To please good people in a prayer book:
 That I set forth, or so yet must I raise
 My spirits for thee, who shall in thy praise
 Gird up her loyns, and furiously run
 All kinde of feet, but Satans cloven one.
 Such is thy zeal, so well thou dost expresse it,
 That wer't not like a Charm I'd said, God blese it;
 I needs must say it is a spiritual thing
 To raile against the Bishop and the King:
 But these are private quarrels, this doth fall
 Within the compass of the General;
 Whether it be a pole painted, or wrought
 Far otherwise then from the wood 'twas brought,
 Whose head the Idol-makers hand doth crop,
 Where a prophane bird towring on the top,
 Looks like the Calf in *Horeb*, at whose root
 The unyoakt youth doth exercise his foot,
 Or whether it preserves its boughs befriended
 By neighbouring bushes, and by them attended.
 How canst thou chuse but seeing it, complain
 That *Baal's* worship'd in the groves again?
 Tell me how curst an egging with a sting
 Of lust, do these unwily dances bring:
 The simple wretches say they mean no harm,
 They do'nt indeed, but yet these actions warm
 Our purer blood the more: for Satan thus
 Tempts us the more that are more righteous,
 Oft hath a brother most sincerely gone
 Stiffed with zeal and contemplation,

Where lighting on the place where such repair,
He views the Nymph, and is clean out in's prayer.
Oft hath a sister grounded in a truth,
Seeing the jolly carriage of the youth,
Been tempted to the way that's broad and bad,
And wer't not for our private pleasures, had
Renounc'd her little Ruff and goggle eye,
And quit her self of the fraternity.
What is the mirth, what is the melody
That sets them in this Gentiles vanity?
When in our Synagogues we rail at sin,
And tell men of the faults that they are in.
With hand and voice so following our Theams,
That we put out the Sides-men in their dreams,
Sounds not the Pulpit then which we belabor
Better, and holier then doth a Tabor?
Yet such is unregenerate mans folly,
He loves the wicked noise, and hates the holy;
If the sins sweet enticing, and the blood
Which now begins to boil, have thought it good
To challenge liberty and recreation;
Let it be done in holy contemplation,
Brother and sister in the field may walk,
Beginning of the holy word to talk,
Of *David* and *Uriah's* lovely wife,
Of *Thamar* and her lustful brothers strife,
Then underneath the hedge that is the next,
They may sit down, and so act out the Text;
Nor do we want (how e're we live austere)
In Winter Sabbath nights some lusty chear,

And

And though the Pastors grace which oft doth hold
 Half an hour long make the provision cold;
 We can be merry, thinking ne're the worse,
 To mend the matter at the second course:
 Chapters are read, and Hymnes are sweetly sung,
 Joyntly commanded by the nose and tongue;
 Then on the word we diversly dilate,
 Wrangling indeed for heat of zeal, not hate,
 When at the length an unappeased doubt
 Fiercely comes in, and then the lights go out;
 Darkness thus makes our peace, and we contain
 Our fiery spirits till we meet again:
 Till then no voice is heard, no tongue do's go,
 Unless a tender sister shreek, or so.
 Such should be our delights, grave and demure,
 Not so abominable and impure
 As those thou seek'st to hinder, but I fear
 Satan will be too strong, his Kingdom's there,
 Few are the righteous, nor do I know
 How we this Idol here shall overthrow,
 Since our sincerest Partron is deceast,
 The number of the righteous is decreast;
 But we do hope these times will on, and breed
 A faction mighty for us, for indeed
 We labour all, and every sister joyns
 To have regenerate babes spring from our loyns.
 Besides, what many carefully have done,
 To get the unrighteous man a righteous son.
 Then stoutly on, let not thy flocks range lewdly,
 In their old vanities, thou Lamp of Feaudly;

One thing I pray thee, do not so much thirst
 After Idolatries last fall, but first
 Follow thy suit more close. let it not go,
 Till it be thine as thou wouldst have't, for so
 Thy successors upon the same entale,
 Hereafter may take up the Whitsun-Ale.

To the Queen.

Most gracious Queen,

IF Poets could be born as oft as you, (new,
 Bring Princes forth, something might then be
 Th' Alembicks of the womb and brain run cross
Elixar's, they'r more common then our dross.
 Your fair and beautiful soyl pure Manna breeds,
 When our dull mud is barren too in weeds,
 Though then you here finde nothing fresh but
 names,
 This verse being writ for *Charls*, & that for *James*,
 Yet may they now (like sacred Reliques) be
 Lov'd and imbrac'd for their Antiquity,
 Your former teeming taught the costive earth,
 And barren wives the fashion of a birth;
 But now (as if your wise fertility,
 An Extract were of all State-policy)
 You give example unto men, and teach
 Loyalty more than our Divines can reach.

You that do practise base exactions, and
 Rail at the needful taxes of our Land,
 Thinking your money better spent upon
 A coach, a feast, or some new fashion,

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Of devout Rebels, the Non-ships which be
Walls that imprison us to liberty,
Like those Athenian Grandees, who to see
The costly madness of one Tragedy, (known,
Could scatter large supplies, although 'twas
This want made them spectators of their own.
Learn homage now from Majesty, the Queen
Her self hath here the best of Subjects been ;
She payes large tribute, that it may appear,
Safety, like, Heaven, is never bought too dear.
I've read of Roman Matrons, who did drown
Their richest Jewels, to preserve their Town ;
Stopping the gulf with pearls, which grac'd their
ears,

They rather chuse no ornaments than fears.
And those brave Dames of *Carthage* were content
To shave their dangling tresses, which they lent
For cordage then, and glori'd they could see
What once was pride, turn'd now to Subsidie :
Baldness was beauty there, nor did they care
So they could bend their bows, to lose their hair.
But you (great Queen) contrive your Countreys
good,

Not from your locks expence, but from your blood
Each parcel of the Duke, bright as his eyes,
Proves you give jewels of a wealthier prize :
Who, for a general safety, wish to be
Blest with the pangs of your high agony,
Whil'st the dull lees of man scarce deign to give
Poor common service, that themselves may live.

Upon Tom of Christ-Church.

THou that by ruine do'st repair,
 And by destruction art a founder:
 Whose Art doth tell us what men are,
 Who by corruption shall rise founder:
 In this fierce fires intensive heat,
 Remember this is *Tom the Great*.
 And *Cyclops* think at every stroke,
 Which with thy sledge his side shall wound,
 That then some statute thou hast broke,
 Which long depended on his sound;
 And that our Colledge-gates did cry,
 They were not shut since *Tom* did dye.
 Think what a scourge 'tis to the City,
 To drink and swear by *Carfax* Bell,
 Which bellowing without tune, or pity,
 The nights and dayes divides not well;
 But the poor Tradesman must give o're
 His Ale at eight, or sit till four.
 We in all haste drink off our Wine,
 As if we never should drink more:
 So that the Reck'ning after nine
 Is larger now than that before.

Release this tongue, which e'r'st could say,
 Home Scholars; Drawer, what's to pay;
 So thou of order shalt be Founder,
 Making a Ruler for the people,
 One that shalt ring thy praises wonder,
 Than th' other six Bells in the steeple:

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Wherefore think, when *Tom* is running,
Our manners wait upon thy cunning.

Then let him raised be from ground,
The same in number, weight, and sound,
So may thy conscience rule thy gain,
Or would thy theft might be thy bane.

On a Burning-glass.

Strange Chymistry ! can dust and sand produce
So pure a body, and diaphanous ?
Strange kind of courtship ! that the amorous Sun,
T' embrace a min'ral, twists his rays in one ;
Talk of the Heavens mockt, by a Sphere, alas,
The Sun it self's here in a piece of glass :
Let Magnets draw base Iron, this alone
Can to her icy bosom win the Sun ;
Witches may cheat us of his light a while,
But this can him even of himself beguile :
In Heaven he staggers to both Tropicks, here
He keeps fixt residence all times o'th' year,
Here's a perpetual Solstice, here he lies,
Not on a bed of water, but of ice ;
How well by this himself abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their lingring night.
How well by this glass Proxey might he roul
Beyond the Eccliptick, and warm either Pole ;
Had but *Prometheus* been so wise, h'had ne're
Scal'd heaven to light his torch, but lighted here.
Had *Archimedes* once but known this use,
H'had burnt *Marcellus* from proud Syracuse ;
Had

Had *Vesta's* Maids of honour this but seen,
 Their Ladies fire had ne're extinguish't been :
 Hells Engines might have finish't their design
 Of powder (but that Heaven did countermine)
 Had they but thought of this ; th' Egyptians may
 Well hatch their eggs without the midwife clay ;
 Why do not puling Lovers this devise,
 For a fit Emblem of their mistress eyes ?
 They call them Diamonds, and say th' have bin
 Reduc'd, by them, to ashes all within ;
 But they'l assume't, and ever hence 'twill pass,
 A Mistress eye is but Loves Burning-glass.

Upon Sheriff Sandbourn.

Fie, Scholars, fie, have you such thirsty souls,
 To swill, quaff & carouse in *Sandbourns* boulds?
 Tell me, mad youngsters, what do you believe,
 It cost good *Sandbourn* nothing to be Shrief,
 To spend so many Beeves, so many Weathers,
 Maintaining so many Caps, so many Feathers ?
 Again, is Mault so cheap this pinching year,
 That you should make such havock of his Beer ?
 I hear you are so many, that you make
 Most of his men turn Tapsters, for your sake ;
 And that when he, even on the Bench doth sit,
 You snatch the meat from off the hungry spit ;
 You keep such hurly-burly, that it passes,
 Ingurgitating sometimes whole half glasses,
 And some of you (forsooth) are grown so fine,
 Or else so sawcy, as to call for Wine ;

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As if the Sheriff had put such men in trust,
As durst draw out more wine than needs they
must :

In faith, in faith, it is not well, my Masters,
Nor fit, that you should be the Sheriffs tasters ;
It were enough, you being such Gurmundisers,
To make the Sheriffs , henceforth , turn arrant
Misers ;

Remove th' Assize, to *Oxfords* foul disgrace,
To *Henly* on the *Thames*, or some such place ;
He never had complained, had it been
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin :
But when a Barrel daily is drawn out,
My Masters, then it's time to look about.
Is this a lie, trow ye ? I tell you, No,
My Lord high Chancellor was informed so.
And oh ! what would all the bread in town
Suffice, to drink the Sheriffs liquor down ?
But he in Hampers must it from hence bring,
Oh most prodigious, and most monstrous thing !
Upon so many loaves of home-made bread,
How long might he and his two men have fed ?
He would, no doubt, the poor they should be fed
With the sweet morsels of his broken bread :
But when that they poor souls for bread did call,
Answer was made, The Scholars eat up all.
And when for broken beer they crav'd a cup,
Answer was made, The Scholars drunk it up ;
And thus, I know not how they chang'd the name,
But did the deed, and Long-tail bore the blame.

Not

Not to Travel.

WHat need I Travel, since I may
 More choicer wonders here survey ?
 What need I *Tyre* for Purple seek,
 When I may finde it in a cheek ?
 Or sack the Eastern shores, there lies
 More precious Diamonds in her eyes ?
 What need I dig *Peru* for Oar,
 When every hair of her yields more ?
 Or toyl for *Gums* in *India*,
 Since she can breathe more rich then they ?
 Or ran sack *Africk*, there will be
 On either hand more Ivory ?
 But look within all vertues that
 Each Nation would appropriate,
 And with the glory of them rest,
 Are in this Map at large exprest :
 That, who would travel, here might know
 The little World in folio.

The Schismatick.

ONce I a curious eye did fix
 To observe the tricks
 Of the Schismaticks Of the Times ;
 Viewing which of them, Spoke the merriest *Theme*,
 And best would besit my rimes ;
Arminians I found solid, *Socinians* were stolid,
 But the *Papist* for Learning doth stickle, (tickle.
 Ha, ha, ha, *Rotundus, Rotundus*, 'tis you that my spleen doth
 2. Next to tell you must not be forgot,
 How I did trot
 With a great Zealor, To a Lecture,

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- Where I a Tub did view,
 Hung with an Apron blew
 'Twas the Preachers I conjecture :
 His *Use* and *Doctrine* too,
 Was of no better hue,
 Though taught with a tone most mickle,
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.
3. He talkt among other pretty things,
 That the *Book of Kings*
 Small comfort brings
 To the Godly ;
 Besides he had some grudges
 Against the *Book of Judges*,
 And talkt of *Leviticus* odly,
 But Wisdom most of all
 He held *Apocryphal*,
 Great *Bell* and the *Dragon* like *Michael*,
 His preaching, like himself, was but fickle,
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.
4. 'Gainst humane learning he next inveighs,
 And he boldly sayes,
 It is that which decays
Inspiration.
 Those that preferment merit,
 Are not like to wear it,
 In hopes of *Reformation*,
 Cut Bishops down in haste,
 And Cathedrals as fast,
 As Corn that is fit for the sickle,
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.
5. I heard of one did touch,
 He did tell as much,
 Of one that would not crouch
 At *Communion* ;
 Who thrusting up his hand
 Never made a stand,
 Till he came where her f—— bad union ;

She without all terrour,
 Thought it no errour,
 But did laugh till the tears down did trickle, (tickle,
 Ha, ha, ha, *Rosundus, Rosundus*, 'tis you that my spleen doth

A Sermon.

HEarken, I beseech you, with fear and reverence to these words, as you may perhaps finde them written in the *Apocrypha*, the chapter and verse you may finde out at your leasure; the words to my best remembrance are these, *A carpenter took his ax, and hewed the root of the tree, which because it brought not forth good fruit, it was instantly thrown into the fire.* Beloved, instantly is certainly, the ax instrumentally hewing, orderly struck against the root, effectually of the tree, particularly of that tree, impartially because it brought not forth; put all together, my beloved, because it brought not forth good fruit, instantly, effectually, particularly, instrumentally, orderly, proportionally, impartially, it is inevitably and fatally to be cast irresistably into the fire everlastingly; and so of these, and of all these, as the time shall permit; but the glass is out, and so am I.

A zealous Discourse between the Parson of the Parish, and Tabitha.

Parson. **H**Aail Sister to your snowy breast,
 The word permitteth us to jeast,
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Parson
 You kno

Now *Sermon's* done, nor should you be
 Stiff-necked to the *Ministry*,
 As you may read it more at large
 In *Dod's* Commandments, or my Charge
 Last *Sabbath* in my *Catechism*,
 Wherein we prove they make a *Schism*,
 Who do deny us in the night
 To strengthen you by *Candle-light*.
 And truly might my reasons be
 But way'd according to the *Grand Committee*
 For *Reformation*, I would prove,
 That we out of sincere love
 Our devout *Sponſes* room might take
 Each *Sabbath* for Repetition ſake :
 And verily of late 'tis ſe'd,
 More eyes have opened from the bed
 Than from the *Pulpit*, and we there
 Can ſooner teach you how to bear.

Tabitha. In truth I know not what to ſay
 Replies this zealous *Tabitha*,
 But on thoſe nights I you aſſure,
 Our *Huſbands* are too, too impure,
 And clog our conſciences too nigh
 With ſeed that doth not fructifie,
 As you may read. *Ruth*, where's my Book ?
 It is in *Matthew*, *Mark*, *John*, or *Luke*.
 But would it not a ſcandal be
 Unto the *New Preſbytery* ?

Parſon. No: for all things muſt be done,
 You know, for *Edification* ;

Which

Which is no more in *English*, then
The building up of faithful *Women*.

Tab. But hold, do these same words proceed
From the *Beasts language* then indeed ?

Sure the *Scotch* or *Geneva* print
Hath no such rags of *Babel* in't.
Nay fie, *Good Sir*, what do you mean ?

In troth your hand is too obscene ;
Evil requests must be deni'd,

Let go, my *Placket's* on my side ;
Why look you now ; I pray be calm,
The spirit moves to sing a Psalm.

The Hymn. *The Poste, that came from Banbury,*
Riding in a blew Rocket,
He swore he saw, when Lunsford fell,
A Childes arm in his pocket.

Parson. I think I hear your *Husband* pray,
Listen, hark ! so ; and then why may
Not a *Sister*, or a *Brother*
Engender grace in one another ?

Tab. You preacht against it, *Sir.* *Par.* I so I must
Where it is onely done for lust ;
But I protest 'tis zeal indeed,
To propagate the *holy seed*,

That moves me. *Tab.* And indeed, said she,
I feel that very self same *Prick* of zeal in me,
As it were thrusting me on still,

Therefore, *good Sir*, ev'n do what you will.
Why look you now ; what hurt's in this,
I'll seal it with a *Holy Kiss*.

And

And e're your *Husband* say *Amen*,
I'll do this great work twice agen.

Tabitha. Sir, make haste to rise,
'Tis for my Evening Exercise;
It will be Supper time I doubt,
E're I shall read my *Chapter* out.
Besides alas! Oh! how do I
Forget my *Practice of Piety*.

Pray rectifie my Gorget, smooth my Whisk, that our reason conflict may not be discerned by the reprobate, the children of wrath, fire-brands of hell, and heirs to destruction.

On O. P. Sick.

Yield Periwig'd Impostor, yield to Fate,
Religious Whiffler, Mountebank of State;
Down to the low'st Abyss, the blackest shade
That Night dare own, that so the Earth (thou'lt made
Loathsome by thousand Barbarisms) may be
Deliver'd from Heavens vengeance, and from thee,
The reeking Steam of thy fresh Villanies
Would spot the Stars, and menstruate the Skies,
Force them to break the league they've made with men,
And with a Flood renege the foul World agen.
Thy Bayes are Tarnish'd with thy Cruelties,
Rebellions, Sacrilege, and Perjuries.
Descend, descend, thou vailed Devil, fall
Thou subtil Blood-sucker, thou Cannibal:
Thy Arts are catching, cozen Satan too,
Thou hast a trick more then he ever knew;
He ne're was Atheist yet, perswade him to't,
Thy Schismaticks will back thee Horse and Foot.

An Answer to the Storm.

TIs well he's gone, (O had he never been)
Hurried in Storms, loud as his crying Sin;
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
That with his Fame his—

Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
 Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above ;
 From Theft. like his great *Romulus* did grow,
 And such a Winde did at his Ruine blow.
 Strange that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
 Without the *Ax*, so *Orpheus* went to Hell ;
 At whose Descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
 And the whole Wood its wonted station left.
 In Battle *Heracles* wore the Lions skin,
 But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within,
 Whose heart was brutish more then face or eyes ;
 And in the shape of man was in disguise :
 Where ever men, where ever pillage lyes,
 Like ravenous Vultures, our wing'd Navy flies,
 Under the Tropick we are understood,
 And bring home Rapine through a Purple Flood.
 New Circulations found, our blood is hurl'd,
 As round the lesser to the greater World.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
 And made three Kingdoms subject to his rage :
 One fatal Stroke slew Justice, and the Cause
 Of Truth, Religion, and our sacred Laws.
 So fell *Achilles* by the Trojan Band,
 Though he still fought with heaven it self in's hand.
 Nor would Domestick spoil confine his minde,
 No limits to his fury but mankind.
 The Brittish youth in forreign Coasts are sent
 Towns to destroy, but more to banishment ;
 Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
 Are confin'd prisoners to the world beside,
 No wonder then if we no tears allow
 To him that gave us Wars and Ruine too.
 Tyrants that lov'd him griev'd, concern'd to see
 There must be punishment for Cruelty.
 Nature herself rejoyced at his Death,
 And on the Waters sung with such a breath,
 As made the Sea dance higher then before,
 While her glad Waves came dancing to the shore.

F I N I S,

J. CLEAVELAND
HIS
ORATIONS
AND
EPISTLES,
On Eminent Occasions, in
LATINE.

Englisht by E. W.

With an Addition (amongst others) of an
University Character, a short Survey of
some of the late Renegado Fellows
of the COLLEDGES.

Non norunt hac Monumenta mori.



London, Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel
in Cornhill. 1662.

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Oratio coram Rege, & Principe Carolo in Collegio Joannensi Cantab. habita. 1642.

Augustissime Regum, Archetype Carole,

QUæ nupero dolore obriguit *Academia*, tanquam orbata *Niobes* soror *Saxea*, si in pristinam facundiam resolvatur hodie, agnoscit omen vestrae presentiae. *Memnonis* statua soluribus percussa *Radiis*, vocalem *Musica* edidisse fertur: Habent vel hi parietis *Chordas Magicas*, quas minima vultus vestri strictura quasi plectro animabit. Nec magis eloquuntur lapide, quam è *Diametro* miraculi stupent *Oratores*: Quod in afflatis numine fieri videmus, ita Deum recipere ut ejiciant *Hominem*, instinctu sapere non intellectu, perinde vestra in nobis Hospitatur *Divinitas*, cujus nimis splendor, omnes omnium, sensus sacrificat, & tam sanctam nostri jacturam in lucro deputamus. Ignoscimus jam fatis immodestiam suam, Imminens literarum exitium ut favoris insidias gratulamur, scil. ambitiosè moriantur *Musæ* quæ ad vestros pedes efflabunt vale. Lusi *Archimedes* cælos in spherâ; quid ni dicam *Jovem* in *Carolo* fabricatum? Adeo ut *Orator* ille, Qui manu deorsum flexâ, O *Cælum*! exclamavit, si istum in modum perorasset Hodie, Solæcismum manu non commisisset: Enimverò, cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem simul astantes videam, nescio quo modo Principis Natalis

I 3

videatur

videatur Redux, ubi solem & stellam, fulgentes à symbolis, (licet non aquis Radius) conspicati sumus. Casare mortuo novum in cœlis emicuit sydnus, quod Julii Anima passim audist: Caesaris Epilogus fuit Prologus Caroli: Neque enim aptior stella, quam Invictissima illius Herois Anima, quæ vestræ sobolæ res gerendas ominaretur: Stellam dixi? mutò factum: Crederem potius ipsum solem fuisse qui tunc temporis delegavit tibi moderamen Dici, & ut Principis cunas fortius videret, suum in stellam contraxit Oculum: Ecce ut Patrissat Carolus! ut ad vestras virtutes anhelus surgit! Quod sub pientissimo Rege accidisse legimus, solem multis gradibus retrò ferri Principis ætas pari portento compensavit damnum, cujus festina virtus Devorat Horologium, & pueritiâ dum libatâ meridiem attigit. Parcatur mihi si targeat Oratio, si nihil præter solem, & stellas crepet: quippi in Principis natali ipsa natura mihi prævit Allegoriam. O sælicem interim Academiam, & æternitatem quandam nactam, qui in Rege, & Principe, & esse nostrum, & nostrum fore, simul complectitur! Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula, viximus & nostram, & posterorum vitam. Sed vereor nè molestus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illustri præsentia, in nescio quid majus piaculo excrescit: Minima coram Rege errata, tanquam angustiores Rime extenduntur lumine: Oratio itaque nostra pro genio temporum Reformabitur, quod tantundem est, Rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor votum, Vivas, Augustissime, lætas Tuorum, & Tremor Hostium, Vivas

Orations and Epistles.

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Vivas vel in Hoc declivio stator literarum: vivas denique eam indutus gloriam, ut filium tuum Carolem appellemus Maximum, quia solo Patre Minorem.

Cantabrig'

Dixi.

Jo. Cleaveland, Joan.

An Oration delivered before the King, and Prince Charles, in St. Johns Colledge at Cambridge. 1642.

Charles most August of Kings, and Thou, Great Britains Hope, Illustrious Charles.

THIS Academy, whom but even now equally Marble with the widdowed *Niobe*, grief congeal'd into a senceless statue, if this day she be restor'd to her wonted smiles, 'tis to you, Great Princes, and to your auspicious Presence, that she must owe this happy change. The statue of *Memnon* darted upon by the Suns royal beams, is reported by the Ancients to have utter'd a vocal harmony; nor is it less true, that even these walls have now their charming chords, from which as with a Pleatre or Quill, the least glance of your Countenance hath power to call forth a most melodious Sound, and by a strange contrariety of miracle, at the same time the stones speak, and the Orators are struck dumb with admiration. It happens in those who are actuated with Divine impulse, that they so receive *God* as to cast off *man*, and that they understand rather by heavenly in-

stinct, than by humane reason; in like manner your Divinity hath taken up its habitation in us, and with its over-powerful splendor sacrificed all our senses, and yet we account it a gain to have so gloriously lost our selves. We now pardon the fates their immodesty, and congratulate the imminent dissolution of Letters as a favourable surprize; for indeed the Muses must needs be ambitious to die, if at your Royal feet they may be admitted to breathe their last: *Archimedes* sportively imitated the Heavens in a Globe, what hinders but that I may affirm *Jove* to be lively set forth in *Charles*; so that he, who pointing to the earth cried out! O Heavens, if at this present he had so declaim'd, he had not committed a Solœcism with his hand; for since I behold the best and greatest of Kings, and Princes in place together, methinkes the Princes Birth-day seems to be brought back to this present time, in which we see the Sun and Star shining in conjunction, though not with equal rayes. When *Cæsar* died, there appeared a new Star in Heaven, which was generally called *The Soul of Julius*; the Epilogue of *Cæsar* hath been *Charles* his Prologue, for what Star was fitter to portend the great things to be done by your Off-spring (mighty King) than the Soul of that most invincible *Heroe*. Star, did I say? pardon me, great Sir, I should rather believe that it was the Sun himself, who at that time resign'd unto your hands the government of the day; and that

That he might the more intently observe the Prince's Illustrious Cradle, he contracted his universal eye into a Star; behold how *Charles* begins already *Patrissare*, and with what haste and eager pursuit he soars up to his Fathers Vertues, that which we read to have hapned of old, under the most pious King of *Juda*, that the Sun went back many degrees, is now in *Charles* his dayes recompenc'd by no less a wonder; nor was the course of time then so much retarded as his forward vertues have now hastned it and brought it on, since in the very dawn of his youth, he hath attained unto the noon of perfection. Pardon me, if my Oration swell and sound nothing but Sun and Stars, since in the Prince's Nativity Nature hath anticipated my Allegory; Oh happy Academy, in the mean time, and invested with a kinde of eternity, as comprehending at the same time in King and Prince, both our *Present* and our *Future*; what need we expect the Ages to come, having lived our own life, and that of posterity together: But I fear least by an officious zeal, I have been too tediously troublesome, which in so illustrious a presence, may soon grow up to a crime beyond expiation. The least absurdities committed before a King, are like chinks which though never so narrow, are discover'd and enlarg'd by the light that passeth through them; our Oration therefore is to be corrected according to the Genius of the Times, and that which is superfluous to be lopt off: One prayer alone

alone remains to usher in the Close. Live, most *August*, the desire and welfare of your own, and the terrour of your Enemies; Live, even in this descent of your age, the stay and prop of Learning: Lastly, live adorn'd with so much glory, that the Prince your Son may acquire the Name of *Charles the Greatest*, as being less then his Father only.

John Cleaveland.

Ejuld. Epistola ad Episcop. Lincolnensem, cum tactus esset Archiepiscopus Eboracensis.

U*Sque, & usque quod gratulamur: Si molesti sumus, utinam indies succresceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, sed vestri honoris emula indignatur Non-ultra. Quin placeat igitur nostris in literis ruminare fortunas Tuas, & prolixioris calami guttere (quod Philoxenus Gruino voluit) repetere dapnū voluptatem. Neque retro tantum gaudemus, prensamus sinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: providè factum, & tempestivè; eo enim pergat virtus vestra, ut si paulum promoveat, humanos limites supergressus, eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos Divinus horror, quum sacra facturis eminus, & splendor vester & sublimitas observantur. Nutat Religio quæ veneratur solem, & Tremor Luminum fatetur Deum: eadem est nostra oculorum conscientia, qui Radios vestros non sine Oculari crepusculo sustinemus. Nec minus*
sub.

sublimitatem vestram luimus; siquidem sacrifican-
tium Zelus (tanquam flamma sacrificii) quò magis
ascendit, eò magis trepidat. Clementia vestra dis-
putat cum magnitudine, & hâc amicissima lite quasi
totius Naturæ Puerperium) officium nostrum est
oriundum. Ignoscimus fati immodestiam suam,
quicquid adversi contigit, ut favoris insidias am-
plectimur? sic recurrere videbantur Fortuna tuæ,
ut fortius proflirent. Comprobavit exitus inge-
nium commentis: Militans Ecclesia jam trium-
phat & fluctuans (ut olim Arca) tandem in mon-
tibus acquiescit. Non amplius Collegium Mater
Lavas lacerat, nec facie sua computat miseras,
Musa, quas vivere fuit Hyperbole, nunc audent
vigere: Quippe altitudo vestra ut Niliaca Æ-
gypti fertilitatem literarum ominatur. Enimverò
cum Astra sunt felicitatis nostræ Condi-promi, quid
est quod à superis non expectemus; Patrono in hoc
syderum vicinia collocato. Orandus igitur es
(Archi-Presul dignissimè) ut ambitionem nostram
serò sifteres, & honores vestros subinde catenares,
ut cum supremum Fortuna Tuæ Radium conscen-
deris, nec dum terminetur Clymax vestra, Cælum
supereff Dominationi.

Vestri quam Devotissimi

Cantabrigia,

J. Cleaveland.

An

An Epistle of the same Authour, to the Bishop of Lincoln, when he was made Arch-Bishop of York.

IF in never giving over our congratulations we are too importunate, I wish, that every day new matter were afforded, of so offending; the zeal of my duty fears no check, but rather, emulous of true honour, disdains to meet with a *Non ultra*. It is a more then ordinary satisfaction in frequent Letters to ruminate upon your fortunes, and (as *Philoxenus* wisht in another sense) to repeat the pleasure of those delicacies with a long-neckt quill; nor is it enough to rejoyce onely for what is past, but to take hold on the fore-lock, and congratulate for the future; and this certainly is a provident and seasonable course, considering that your vertue moves forward so fast, that within a short while it will go near to transcend humane limits, and so become ineffable; but a certain divine horror unsettles our mindes, when, going to offer up our respects, we observe from a far off, at once, your splendor and exaltedness. Veneration staggers when it approacheth the Sun, and the trembling of our lights confess a Deity, such is the abashment of them, that they cannot endure the brightness of your rays without an ocular twilight, nor have we less awe of your exaltedness. For as much as the Sacrificers zeal, like the flame of the sacrifice, by how much the more it ascends, so much the more it trembles: but your
cle-

clemency disputes with your greatness, and from this most friendly strife (as if nature were in travel) our duty is to take its birth; we pardon the Fates their incivility, and whatsoever hath happened adverse, we embrace it as a favourable ambush. So your fortunes seem'd to recoil back, that they might spring forward with the greater force; the event hath made good the happiness of invention: the Church Militant now triumphs, and lately floating (as heretofore the Ark) now rests upon the Mountains, no more shall our Mother-Colledge card and spin, or discover her sorrows by her dejected countenance: the Muses, who could not be said to live without an Hyperbole, have now the confidence to shew their excellencies; nor could it be otherwise, since your advanced state (as that of Nile brought fruitfulness to Egypt) is a most happy Auspice of the prosperity of Learning; and so long as the stars are the stewards of your felicity, what is that we may not expect from the Powers above, having a Patron placed so near the stars? This onely remains, Most Reverend Arch-Bishop, to be requested, that our ambition may at length be restrain'd by some little curb put unto the full career of your honors; so that as when you shall seem to have mounted up to the highest pinnacle of your fortunes, the scale of your ascent may not yet be terminated; and besides all earthly glories, Heaven is still reserv'd the chiefest guerdon to crown your high deserts.

Yours most humbly devoted,

J. Cleaveland.

Alia ejusdem, ad Episcopum Londinensem.

Cujus laborantes partes pari animorum deliquis-
 diu expressimus, ne graveris in ejus redivivuo
 jubare exporrecti triumphemus: Hodie enim est quod
 vivimus postliminio, & vindiciis Honori vestri quot-
 quot sumus, sumus Virbii: siquidem in mœrore no-
 stro quid aliud fuit vita nostra quam nocturna lucu-
 bratio? & in tuo Occidente supereffe, quam in gra-
 tiis nature vivere? Sed socra res est: Reddidit diem
 redux Phosphorus, & post tanta cum astris jurgia
 Collegium mater tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incassum
 tubas fatigavunt veteres, ut ecclipsin redimerent.
 Alma Mater suspiriis magis sonoris profligavit ve-
 stram sc. hic fuit felicitatis vestra somnus, qui tan-
 tum abest ut illam extingueret, ut reficeret potius, &
 alacriorem reddat. Ecce majorem mundum tuum
 ad exemplar compositum, vel si mavis dictum luce &
 tenebris distinctum! Si Sol in perpetuum splenderet,
 nec aram, nec mystam haberet Persicum: Enimvero
 caligantes oculi nostri pacti sunt inducias cum fulgo-
 re vestro, quibus finitis ad pristinum redit seipsum.
 Aspicias quæ sumus Clientum nomina, et agnoscas
 radios è luminoso tuo corpore diffusos, nihil enim de
 nostro habemus. Percurras singulos, et videas se-
 ipsum (prolixiorum semper admodum) sed modo ple-
 nius, modo angustius pro varia speculorum indole re-
 percussum. Atque hinc est quod imaginem vestram
 (tanquam Collegii Palladium) inter Archiva recom-
 dimus, ut Mater enixa sobolem, ad picturam se
 sistat,

sistat, vultus comparet, ita umbra vestra (plusquam splendorem Phœbi) distinguat pullos. Gratulamur itaque (vel nostro nomine) novas hasce honorum inducias. Vivas in posterum fortuna major: ingens vester animus (tanquam illud æternum jecur) indigne- tur vulturem; quo magis consumitur augeatur magis, & inter ipsos invidia Molares crescat virtus.

J. Cleaveland.

Another of the same Authour, to the Bishop of
L O N D O N.

THink it not strange that we now triumph, awakned by his revived lustre, whose sufferings we have long resented with a suitable depressure of spirit; this day it is, that we start up (as it were) from the dead, and by an honourable assertion of liberty, look how many men we are, so many *Vir- bii* we are; for in the state of our sadness what was our life other then a late sitting up at night? and to have lived in your declining Sun-set, what was it but to live at Natures courtesie? But now our condition is well amended, *Phosphorus* returning, hath brought back the day, and so many contests with the stars, our Mother-Colledge hath at length found Heaven an helper. In vain the Ancients so often sounded their trumpets, to profligate the Suns eclipse; but our sacred Mother, with the more effectuall harmony of her sighs, hath dispelled yours; this indeed was the slumber of your felicity, and was so far from extinguishing it,

it, that it rather renewed it, and made it more flourishing; behold, the greater world fram'd, or rather pronounc'd, according to your exemplar, distinguished with light and darkness: if the Sun should shine perpetually, he would neither have altars erected to him, nor would the Persians keep in their sacred fire, our dazzled eyes have made a truce with your brightness, which, that truce being ended, returns to its former lustre; behold here, we beseech you, your devoted Clients, and in them observe the rays that flow forth from your own resplendent body, for we have nothing about us, that we can call our selves. View every one of us, and there you may see your self (to a great advantage alwayes) but sometimes more full, and sometimes less, according to the various reflection of the object; and hence it is that we lay up your image (as the *Palladium* of our Colledge) amongst our Archives and Monuments; as a mother having brought forth her infant, goes to her picture and compares the features, so your shadow (more then the Sun's brightness) distinguisheth us *young ones*: We congratulate therefore in our own behalf, this new truce of honours. Live from henceforth greater than your fortune, and may your exalted minde (like that eternal liver) despise the eating vulture; and by how much the more it is consumed, so much the more increase, and your vertue still grow up and prosper, even among the grinding teeth of envy.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejusdem

Ejusdem Oratio ad Acad. Cantab. Cancellarium,
& Legatum Gallicum, publice habita.

Honoratissime Domine Cancellarie!

Illustrissime Hospes!

Quam Augusta sit vestra praesentia, & quam
sacra horrore vestros praeclit animos utinam
Oratoris vestri stupor, tanta nimis testaretur; Quem
cum alacritas officii nostri accenderat ut vos saluta-
rem, impedit jam eadem Religio ne in illas impor-
tunus ruerem inquilinus aures ubi Regum Concilia
habitarunt, nec magis Alloqui tam intueri nefas.
Fulgura sunt in Amborum oculis, quorum splendo-
rem si quis aspiceret Bidental fieret: si quis Persa-
rum (qui venerantur solem) aspiceret, utrumque ra-
tus suum Numen, divideret sacrificium. Nos quod
atinet fateamur lippitudine, Radiorum victoriam, &
hoc genunium, honoris fubar, imbellis nostra Acces-
so magis commendat quo minus sustineat. Salve
igitur Celeberrime Hospes! cujus gratissimi ad-
ventus (ut Capacia essent nostra pectora) magnitudo
gaudii nos metipso a Nobis exclusit foras. Ecce
quot Helluones Oculi vos inspicimus! Quot in ve-
stris vultibus, Quadragesimam violavimus! sed
nos indigni tantis Dapibus; Margarita, & Regii
illi Manes quos in Fundatoribus nostris numeramus,
per me (tanquam per Legatum suum (ut titulo ve-
stro superbire liceat) adventum vobis gratulamur.
Nec invideas mihi (Clarissime Advena) Legati
nomen, cum Celsitudo vestra ad Gradum meum,
K (quem

(quem modò suscepisti) dignaretur Descendere; Humilitas nostra, (quod in Balance solet) ad apicem vestram assurgebat. Scholas vidisti, & Unicum illud Sacellum: Quoràm Alteri docuisti Literas, Alteri Pietatem: & quid amplius studes apud nos invisere? Ecce Academia integrā! Cancellarium Dignissimū! Qui quicquid Cantabrigia nostra in se complectitur plenius repræsentat. Theatra, & Scholarum Pyramides, Nos ludibundi Vitruvii Ludificavimus Chartis: Tu, Tu, Architectus fortunæ nostræ, cujus magnificentia vel pectori nostri audaciam superabit. Multus sum (Honoratissime) Orator in Cancellarii debitissimis laudibus, ut scias Qualis Heros, Qualis Heros, Quantum Aliorū Patronus Honori vestro hodiè inserviat. Certe dum vos majorum gentium Nobili simul astantes videam, nescio quis Isthmus Galliam & Britanniam (invito Oceano) conjunxisse videatur. Quin perpetuus sit iste nodus, & ita Gordianus, ut neuter Alexander discindat Gladiū. Plura vellem, & usque pergeret votorum pietas, sed Rictus (Diviti Argumento) plusquam Demosthenes Anginam patior: Quare si Aures vestras (Regibus assuetas) nimis detinendo sacrilegus fuerim, si quid deliquerim, Hac saltem sit subita Orationis provida Temeritas, ut nè paratus ad peccandum prodiisse videar.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

*An Oration of the same Author, publickly spoken
before the Chancellor of Cambridge, and the
French Ambassadour.*

HOW *August* your presence is, and with how
sacred a horror it strikes our mindes, I wish
the amazement of your Oratour did not too ap-
parently testifie, for the same duty which of late
stirred me up with chearfulness to salute you, is
now become a kinde of Religion in me; lest I
should rush an importunate inmate upon those
nice ears where the counsels of Kings have dwelt:
Nor is it less a crime to look upon you; then to
speak yefore you; lightning appears in your eyes,
upon whose too powerful splendor whoever shall
presume to look, must become a bidental sacrifice:
If any of the *Persians*, who have the Sun in Ve-
neration should chance to behold you, he would
take each of you for his own deity, and so divide
his sacrifice. But as to what concerns our selves,
we confess by our dazled eyes the victory of your
rayes, and this genuine lustre of honour our weak
fight so much the more commends, by how much
the less it is able to endure the brightness of it:
Hail therefore thrice renowned Guest, whose most
grateful arrival (that our breasts might be so much
the more capacious to receive you) hath with the
excess of joy driven us out of our selves: behold
how many greedy eyes glut themselves with the
beholding of you, how many Lents have we broken

in your gladfome aspect, and yet we are unworthy of such delicacies: Great *Margareta*, and the Souls of those royal persons whom we number amongst our Founders, by me as their Ambassador (a title I have cause to boast of) congratulate your coming hither; nor need you envy me, most Illustrious Guest, the Title of Ambassadour, since your Highnesse hath been pleased to descend to my degree, which you have so lately taken upon you, or rather our humility, as in an equal poize of the ballances, raised it self up to your height. You have seen our Schools, and that famous Chappel, to the one of which you have taught Learning, to the other Piety, and what is there more among us that you can desire to see? behold the whole University, behold our most Noble Chancellor; who, whatsoever our *Cambridge* comprehends, represents with high advantage; behold our structures, and the Magnificence of our Schools, wherein with the sport of Art we have put to shame whatsoever hath been described by *Vitruvius*: 'tis you, great Sir, 'tis you who are the Architect of our fortune, and whose magnificence will far exceed the highest glories we can presume to imagin. I am the more ample, most honoured Guest, in the deserved praises of our Chancellour, that you may be the more sensible what Worthy, what *Heroe*, how great a Patron of others it is, who is this day subervient to your vertue and excellence: Certainly while I see

two of the most illustrious personages of two such great Nations in place together, there seems I know not what Isthmus, maugre the swelling Ocean, to have joyn'd *France* and *Britain* into one; and may this knot be everlasting, and so strongly *Gordian*, that no *Alexander* may be able to cut it asunder with his sword. Farther I would expatiate, and the zeal of my wishes should still go on forward, but that by the richness of the argument, my mouth already suffers a squinancy greater than ever *Demosthenes* felt: wherefore if I have been sacrilegious in detaining overlong your ears, accustomed onely to the speech of Kings, if in this I have been ought criminal, let it at least be imputed to the provident temerity of my overhasty Oration, that I may not be thought to have come prepared to offend.

7. *Cleaveland.*

Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis habita cum Junior
Baccalaureus in Tripodem deputaret.

Cantab.

QUos nè videre possum citrà oculorum *Hyperbo-*
len, quomodo vos appellarem: & cùm altissi-
mus vester *Gradus*, sine *scalâ* occupare nequit, *Qua-*
nam *Orationis Climax* vestram scandet *Dignita-*
tem? Vestram dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio
purpuram: & ingentis cura qua prestanda obser-
vantia me habet sollicitum non novi subtilius *Ar-*

gumentum quam stuporem. Quod autem Poetarum Princeps Deorum Senatuum ad suam cogit Παρεχουνομαχίαν, pari liceat & mihi vos invitare ad hoc Ludicrum certamen nostrum. Umbra est hac nostra contentio & Icon Belli. Murium, & Ranarum Pugna quid aliud fuit quàm Iliadis Brachygraphia: & in pusillis illis animalculis, Hector & Achilles (tanquam Iliades in Nuce) coarctantur. Ea siquidem est pensi nostri conditio, ut Hic etiam Mars & Venus implicati jacent. Pugna est, sed Ludicra Lusus, & tamen Bellicus, ita ut nec his cincta placeat Philosophia, nec nuda Cithera. Qui virili togâ indutus, nec dum reliquit Nuces, sed totus focus crepat. Hujus ego Palladam, Posthumam Cerebri sui prolem existimabo. Qui in hisce Floralibus solus Cato, & inter Philosophiæ spinas nullos admittis Rhetorica flores, Hujus Minerva ad Amazonis instar, altera Mamma destituitur. Ille demum sit miles noster, qui & sese præstat ingenii velitem, & Philosophiæ Cataphractum; qui & viriliter audet disputare, & cum Bipode Tripode par-impertuludere. Me quod spectat: Ita Rationem ad agendum subduxi meam, ut utrumque munus molior simul, & subterfugiam. Et pudibunda, metum inter & officium, Musa, & fugit ad salices, & videri cupit.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

An

An Oration of the same Author delivered in the publick Schools, when he was Junior Batchelor, and was to dispute upon the Tripos.

YOU whom I cannot look upon without a Hyperbole of eyes, by what name or title shall I be able to salute you? And since your high and mighty degree cannot be reacht without a Ladder, what Climax of Oration will serve to climb your Dignity? while I suspect my Cheeks to be hung with your scarlet, nor do I know a more subtle argument of that exceeding care which holds me solicitous of rendring you your due respect, than my silence and astonishment; but whereas the Prince of Poets brought the Senate of the gods to his battle of Frogs and Mice, by the same reason I may make bold to invite you to this sportive Combat, or Contention of ours, which is a shadow, or image of war; the fight of the Mice and Frogs, what was it other then the *short-hand* of the *Iliads*, *Hector* and *Achilles* drawn in little in those petty animals, like the *Iliads* compressed within a Nut-shell, and such also is the condition of our task, that *Mars* and *Venus* may here be seen intangled together. It is a fight but sportive, a play which yet hath in it somewhat of war; so that strait-lac't Philosophy will not here be seasonable, nor the bare Harp alone: He, who clad in the Robe of manhood, hath not yet left his toys, but seems as if he were made up of jests, his

Minerva I shall esteem the posthume off-spring of his own brain; the man, who appears a meer *Cats* in these May-games, and among the prickly thorns of Philosophy admits no flowers of Rhetorick; his fancy like an Amazon seems bereft of one part. Our Souldier must be such a one as can shew himself, both a light Horseman of wit and a Cuirasseer of Philosophy, who dares both manfully dispute, and play at even or odde, with the two legg'd *Animal* and the *Tripes*, or three legg'd *flook*. As for me, I have so ordered my affairs, as to perform both offices together, and yet provide for an escape: Thus my Muse at a loss between duty and distrust, both ~~shies~~ *flies* the reeds, and yet desires to be seen.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejusdem Oratio Salutatoria in adventum Illustrissimi Principis Palatinati. Cantabrig.

Serenissime Comes Palatine;

SI Archetypam corporis vestri elegantiam possem transcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venustatis Metaphoram, à vestro vultu deducere, ita imaginem vestram amulis encomiis exprimerem, ut qui spectatum venias, venires spectandus, & unicum esset Joannense spectaculum te ipsum tibi ostentare. Sed quoniam ad solares hosce radios caligat penitus Atheniensis noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, stuporem jacto. Ita enim cum Sacratissimo Principe in Trutina quadam sum collocatus, ut in quantum

de.

deprimat me mea humilis facultas ; in tantum sursum, nititur vestra Sublimitas. Salvemigitur (Desideratissime Princeps) hujus Collegii Anima, sem potius Omnium Animarum Collegium, ita tibi singuli devoti sumus, & in obsequium vestrum juncta phalange ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorem tuorum monumenta Margareta (qua Semiramis invideas) coëla mœnia : Margareta, & Henrici septimi & nostrum omnium matris, qua uno partu enixa est, quot Herculem fabulantur genuisse, quinquaginta Socios. Nec tibi ; stemmatique vestro solam Margaretam debemus, quin & paterna gloria hæres esto, Fredericum volo beatissima memoriz, qui viginti ab hinc plura minus annis, unâ cum Augustissimo (tunc temporis surgente Iulo) ad hanc Margareta sobolem, quasi compatres & susceptores accesserunt. O quam leti meditamur istum natalem nostrum, diemque adeò Festum : ut muros hosce, sacro quodam Minio pinxisse videatur. Ecquid huic fœlicitati superesse possit, ut quod patris splendore semel tinctum, vestro olim foret Dibaphum : sequeris patrem jam passibus aquis. Euge Principem pretiosum in quo omnium legimus simulacra Autographa, Margareta Palladium Frederici patris numisma aureum, & matris Cornelia ornamentum, Elizabetha dulcissima, & in vestro cultu totam Deam confessa ; cujus laudes ut hodiernam sæculum effundit, ita posteritatis eccho reparabat, cujus mascula anima jam sexu vestitur masculo Elizabetha Carolo. O quam luxuriat discendi Seges ! O quam Decies repetitus placebit Carolus !

rolus ! Carolus, Caroli sobrinus, & Caroli avunculus. O beatissima Carolorum Climax ! Maſte eſto gradibus Carolina ſcala, ut cum præ altitudine tuâ ſupremus Rex Carolus cælum petat, novi ſubinde ſuccreſcant Caroli, quibus (quæſi Internodiis) diſtincta ejus æternitas uſque & uſque floreat, ſit ipſe ſubinde ſuperſtes Carolus non hominum (parum Illium Neſtoris) ſed Carolorum tres ætates vivunt filii ſobrini utriuſque Caroli.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

A Salutary Oration of the ſame Authour, upon the Arrival of the moſt Illuſtrious Prince Palatine.

Moſt Serene Prince,

IF I were able to copy out the naturall handſomenefs and elegant compoſure of your body, and to deduce my Oration, as the Metaphor of beauty, from your perſon, I ſhould ſo ſet forth your Idea with emulous praiſes, that you who come to behold, ſhould then come onely to be ſeen and admired, and it would be the onely deſign of St. Johns Colledge to ſhew you unto your ſelf. But ſince, like the Athenian Owl, I am almoſt blinded with thoſe bright Sun-like rayes, I applaud my ſelf in my own weakneſs, and boaſt my ſtupidity; for being placed, as it were, in the ſcales with you (moſt Sacred Prince) ſo much as my humble faculty depreſſeth me, ſo much your ſublime Excellence is raiſed up and advanc'd: Hail there-

therefore, most desired Prince, the Soul of this Colledge, or rather the Colledge of all Souls. So devoted are every one of us to you, that we rush in a united brigade into the respect & observance of you. Behold here the Monuments of your Ancestors, great *Margaret's* stately walls, to be envied of *Semiramis* her self: walls, I may say of pearl, as being the structure of this famous *Margaret*, the mother both of *Henry 7.* & of this whole society of us here; having at one birth brought forth as many as *Hercules* himself is fabled to have begotten at one time, to wit, fifty Fellows; nor do we owe unto you, and unto your noble Linage *Margaret* alone, but we also look upon you, as the true Heir of your Fathers glory, *Frederick* of most happy memory, who about twenty years ago, together with the most August, the rising *Julius* of his time, came as it were *Godfathers*, or *Undertakers*, hither to this Progeny of the great *Margaret*; Oh how joyfully do we call to remembrance that Birthday of ours, a day so joyful & festival, that it seems to have left a tincture of sacred Vermilion upon these walls, to this day. What more could we have desired to have been added to our felicity, than that what hath once been purpled by your Fathers splendour, should be dy'd in grain by yours, who so closely follow the track of your fathers noble foot-steps? Go on, most highly valued Prince, in whom we plainly read, naturally and lively described by your self, the resemblances of all

all your Ancestors at once, the Palladium of *Margaret*, the golden Medal of your Father *Frederick*, the Ornaments of *Cornelia*-chaste *Elizabeth* your Mother, who this day appear to us all goddesses, in the excellence of your form & vertues; and whose praises, as the present age is fill'd with, so the echo of posterity will ever repeat, whose masculine soul is now invested with a masculine Sex. *Elizabeth* with the masculine *Charles*; Oh how many new occasions still croud upon my discourse, to make it swell into a vast bulk? How grateful is the name of *Charles*, though ten times repeated; *Charles* the Cozen of *Charles*, and the Unkle of *Charles*. Oh happy Climax of *Charles's*! Let this *Caroline* scale be an increase of your Honour many degrees, that when our King *Charles*, at the very top of it, shall touch heaven for height, there may yet spring up new *Charles's*, by which his eternity distinguished (as it were by Internodes) may never cease to flourish, and may *Charles* himself, in the mean while survive, not three ages of men (for we regard not *Nestors* Ilium) but three lives of *Charles's*, the posterity of both Cozen-Germans, and long may they also live.

Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis Publicis habitâ cum
Patris Officio fungeretur. *Canab.*

QUàm equivocum sit nomen Patris, quota,
& quàm discolor officio ratio, si non ali-
nâs, ab hac variâ frequentia (severiores viri &
lepi-

lepidissima Proles) possem dignoscere: si enim ad singula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus sit, ita ut cum senibus Tussiat, rideat cum Pueris. Quid ergò Hominis? Quale futurus sum monstrum? Gravitate & nucibus Patre & Puerò interpunctum. Quod in dispartitâ, Aquilâque expansâ fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem ostentare faciem, eadem est nostra ergò vos & Filios Bifrons conditio. Hos cum aspicio sum Senex Aquila, Pullos meos ad vestrum fubar exportatura; ubi vos è contra, nescio quo modo, & ipse in Pullum redeo, & (ad instar Aquila) Juventum renovo. Dna igitur Dramatis Persona sustinenda sunt. Vestrà in scanò acturus sum Filium, in vestrà Patrem, alterum genu flexum, alterum stabit Elephantinum. Oscillatione quod aiunt superam modò, modò infirmam occupato partem, partim Puer, partim Senex, qualis Aeson, ille in Abano Medea semicoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri potest quam per scurulam ad fasces? per Filii scabellum, ad Culmen Patris assurgere? serviendum ut Imperes, Anticorum methodus: A vitulo ad Bovem Melonis progressus. Vobis igitur (viri Gravissimi) primitiæ nostræ sunt consecranda, quos si nullo, vel (quod perinde est) translato honore persequar, non dico causam quin Filii mei improbitate erga me pari, injuriam vestram ulciscantur. Neque tamen interea noscimus quali vos compellarem nomine, Quorum Eruditio scribit Academia Maritos, Obsequium malit Filios. Perplexus fuit & Tortuosus ille incesti nodus,

modus, quem de Oedipo suo fabulatur Gracia; Major
Meander unusquisque vestrum, quorum cum Eruditione Academia Mater gravida fuit, & quotannis parturiat; Quorum praeceptis & exemplari virtute, quam Tenella Pubes (quasi Binis Uberibus) lactatur indies. Non Oedipus majori cum Enigmate sceleratus, quam quilibet vestrum suis: Matris Maritus, Uxoris Filius, & Fratrum Pater: Neque hic sistat divina vestra Indoles, cujus vel pictura est satis prolifica, siquidem Alma Mater ubi concipiat vestram speciem ob oculos ponit, vestrum instar representat Animos, ut masculam magis exultant enitatur sobolemi. Illi, Illi estis, quibus si ante inventas literas contigisset vixisse, imagines vestras ab Aegyptiis expressas, hodie pro Artibus, & scientiis legeremus. Non ego sequax erroris illius qui nihil egregium ducit, nisi quod vetustum: qui praesentia fastidit Tempora, & hosterno jure Panem atrum devorat. Senescat (si Dies placet) Natura; Majoribus Nostris dedit Animarum jugera, nobis spithamas: Gigantes Illi, Nos Pusiones: Degeneres Anima, & verè Minores in hac opinione: Lucrifecit haec aetas, non decoxit, Illi quidem literarum Atavi, sed quota est Familia? cujus Primus fuit Illud quod dicere nolo, secundus Quod nequeo. Humilis principii nobilis progressus. Habeant quod suum est Antiqui, sed ne in solidum fiant Domini, suas sibi laudes vindicent, sed vestras vobis nè accipiant, Quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum sicut ego canitiam veneror, sic misereor impotentiam. Ruftarunt

illi Glandes, vestram est Triticum. Calceati coram
dentes & victus asper; vestra Dapes, & ingenii
gula, quibus quod retro est sacculum stravit tantum
mensas, erit à quadris ficturum. Clari Convivæ
quibus obsonantur Antiqui, ministrant Posterì! sed
quam effrons Ego, & Devorari pudoris, qui dum
vestra molior encomia orationem meam tanta feli-
citatìs Commensalem reddam. Liceat tamen pec-
care (Auditores) ut Ignoscatis: pampura elotis ma-
tulis, & iteratâ injuriâ gloriabor de culpâ à vobis
remissâ, magis quam de Innocentiâ. Julius Sabinus
quum à Romæ Imperio defecisset, suis jam copiis &
afflictis Rebus; in Monumentum quoddam se ab-
didisse dicitur, ubi cum uxore tamdiu latuerit, ut
plures filios ex ea susciperet: Tandem verò depre-
hensus, & pro Tribunali positus, Filios suos in
medium sistens, sic affatur Indicem, Parce, Parce,
Cæsar: Hos in Monumento genui, Hosce alii, ut
Tibi plures essemus supplices! vestram fidei (Au-
ditores) quicquamne uspiam dictum Rotundius! O
vanas spes tuas Cicero: Frustrâ susceptos labores?
O cogitationes inanes Tuas! Tinnis Tinnis præ hæc
Oratorum maximo; Qui si cum uxore tuâ Rhe-
toricâ tamdiu in Museo clusus esses, quam ille in
Monumento, nunquam Orationem hujus parem ge-
nisses. Gratias Tibi (Sabine) de hæc excusatione
meâ, qui cum necesse sit ut delinquam, habeo tamen
deprecandî formulam: Habeo Filios Quos osten-
dam, Hanc circumstantem Rhetoricam; Magna,
magna est Infantum Eloquentia qui eo plus exorant
quo

*quo minus loquantur. Suorum illicet tacendi in prae-
sens utar, neque dubito quin plus favoris demerear
silentio quam ulteriori radio.*

Sic Dixit,

J. Cleaveland.

*An Oration Spoken by the same Author in the
publick Schools, when he took upon him
the Office of Father.*

HOW equivocal the name of Father is, what &
how various the reason of the paternal office,
if by no other means beside (Grave Bench of
Seniority, and your more frolick Off-spring) yet
from this mixt concourse of Auditours, I might
be enabled to judge: for if every Oratour should
be driven to frame his behaviour according to the
humour and capacity of all sorts of Hearers, so as
to cough with old men, to laugh with boyes, what
kinde of man would this dexterity require, or in-
deed what kind of monster must he be, interpoint-
ed with gravity and whirlegigs, with Father and
Children; that which we see happens in the di-
vided, or double spread Eagle, where one body
presents to view two faces, the same is our dou-
ble-fronted condition towards you, Grave Seni-
ours, and toward these my Sons, these, when I be-
hold, I am the old Eagle, and going about to ex-
pose my young ones to the rest of your piercing
rayes; when your selves, on the other side I look
upon, I also my self, I know not how, return into

a Chicken, and, like a true Eagle, renew my youth. In this Comedy therefore, I am to take upon me two persons, in your Scene I must act the Son, in yours the Father; the one with a bended knee, the other stiff as an elephant: I fancy my self at the tottering game call'd Oscillation, where sometimes I possess the upper part, sometimes the lower; partly a childe, partly an old man, like that famous *Aeson* of old, half boil'd in the cauldron of *Medea*; and what fitter way can there be found out, than by the rod of correction, to arrive at the staff of authority; by the low settle of a Son, to come to the reverend chair of a Father. We must serve, that we may obey; it is the rule of Courtiers: and, according to *Milo's* practice, the way to come up to an Ox, is to begin at a Calf. To you therefore, most Reverend Sages, our first-fruits are to be consecrated: but in case I shall be thought to accost you with none, or, which is as bad, with borrowed honor: I see no reason, but my Sons may, with the like disobedience toward me, revenge your injury; nor do I yet know in the mean time, by what title to salute you, whose learning may stile you the Husbands of the Univerlity, whose obedience may rather make you pass for her Sons. Intricate and perplex was that incestuous riddle, which *Greece* reports of her son *Oedipus*; but every one of you are a more involved *Meander*, with your learning, our Mother-University impregnated, brings

forth every year, by your precepts and exemplary virtue, as it were by two teats, the tender babes are suckled every day; so that *Oedipus* himself was never branded with a more mysterious incest, than each of you are guilty of, being the Husband of your Mother, the Son of your Wife, and the Father of your brethren, nor do your Divine-fancies rest here, your very Portraictures being apt enough for generation, for as our sacred Mother when she conceives, puts some of your Idea's before her eyes, and hath a representation of Souls like unto you, that she may bring forth a Masculine and perfect off-spring, such and so Authentick you are, that if you had chanc't to live before Letters were invented, your pictures exprest as Hieroglyphicks by the Egyptians might have been read at this day instead of Arts and Sciences; I am not addicted to that vulgar error, of those that esteem nothing of any moment unless what is ancient, such loath the present time, and in favour of yesterday feed upon course bread; Nature forsooth must grow old, to our Ancestors she gave acres of Soul, to us but spans, there were Giants, we but Dwarfs; how degenerate, and truly little Souls have they that persist in this opinion; the later ages have gain'd, and not become bankrupt, those indeed were the great Grand-father of Letters, but how many families are there, the first of which were, I will not tell what, the second I cannot tell what; a mean beginning hath oft times a

fair

fair and happy progress; let the Ancients have attributed to them what is their due, but let them not be altogether Deified, they may challenge to themselves their deserved praises; but must not defraud you of yours; so much respect I bear to the Ancients, that I both reverence their gray hairs, and pity their decays; they belch forth Acrons, but to you belongs the Wheat, their teeth were Hobnail'd, and their fare coarse, but to you belong the delicates, and the luxury of wit, to you the past ages, cover the Table, and the future times attend with Trenchers, happy guests as you are, whom Antiquity feasts, and Posterity waits upon at Table: but how frontless am I, and as it were eaten out of shame, who while I attempt your Praises make my own Oration a fellow-companion of so much felicity, yet perhaps it may be allowable to let slip some offences, that you (gentle Auditors) may have what to pardon; the spots being once wash'd away out of my Scarlet, and the Grain renewed, I shall glory more in that fault which you shall think worthy to be remitted, then in having been altogether innocent. *Julius Sabinus* having revolted from the Roman Empire when he had been overthrown in battle, and reduced to the utmost extremity, he is said to have shut himself up in an old Monument, where together with his wife, he lay hid for divers years; and during that time had begotten a great company of Children; but at last being discovered

and brought before the Judgement seat, he plac'd his Sons before him, and addressing himself to the Sovereign Judge, Spare me, said he, spare me great *Cesar*, these Sons have I begot in the Monument, and I have brought them up carefully, to the end that we might come the greater number of suppliants before you; to you (courteous Auditors) I appeal, what could there have been said more effectual then this; Vain were thy hopes, O *Cicero*: In vain thy great pains bestowed, nor were thy soaring phantasies any thing but flashes, thou wert but low, and flat in respect of this most excellent of Oratours; nor, hadst thou been shut up in thy *Museum* with Rhetorick thy Wife, couldst thou ever have begot Orations like to his. I render thee thanks, O *Sabinus*, for this my excuse, who since I could not but prove peccant, have yet by this means met with so handsome a president of begging favour. I have also my Sons to shew, this croud of Rhetorick that stands about me: Great, Great is the eloquence of Children, who so much the more prevail, by how much the less they speak: their example therefore for the present I shall follow, and doubt not but I better deserve by being silent, then by the tediousness of my proceeding forward.

7. Cleaveland.

Oratio gratulatoria Johannis Cleavelandi, Præ-
lectoris Rhetorici, ad Magistros.

QUANTA & quam divina, sit vestra benefa-
ciendi Indoles; & quam pauperrima gra-
titudinis nostra Talio; nescio an diuturnum me-
um Silentium, an hodierna Oratio luculentius fuerit
testimonium. Imparem se fatetur modesta taciturni-
tas, & in tanto certamine maluit cedere, quam infan-
tibus gratiis humanitatem vestram balbultiri. In
minimis & quæ compensari possunt Beneficiis, peccat
Silentium in majoribus, religiosum: sed frigide agno-
scere, tantundem est & tacere: & in hoc tamen
scelere Pietatem meam invenietis: Quod enim votis
solicitis ambiunt alii, ut favori vestro paribus nume-
ris respondeant; ut Munus, & Gratia in amabilem
quandam Eclogam coalescant; secus ego gratulor
meam gratiarum ignaviam; quo enim magis infra
Muneris vestri magnitudinem subsidio, eò magis In-
famiam meam, munus commendo: Gratia cum beneficio
in bilanec posita, & pro levitate sua in sublime acta,
ex proprio ludibrio gloriam addunt, & Ponderus bene-
ficio: quod si elegantes magis velitis Gratias, estote
vos minus munifici. Gratitude est Beneficii echo; qua
ut singula verba potest repetere, ita longam Senten-
tiam ne dimidiare. Monosyllaba (ut ita dicam) Be-
neficia, faciles reverberamus; cum grandioribus, &
vestris, ni unam aut alteram syllabam, rependimus.
Prodeo igitur in Aciem cum Amore vestro, sed ut
succumbam, studeo. Contendunt Gratia cum Bene-

ficio, sed ut ex ipsa pugna, major appareat victoria. Qui in Hostis potestatem se iubens offert, invidet Hosti Honorem suum. Plenior ex capto, quam ex cedito Triumphus, & munificentia vestra Paam, ex Oratore victo, quam ex imbelli Silentio, Quorsum autem Ego in hac Subsellia ascenderim, qui ita à Proavis meis hereditarium accepi Silentium, ut necesse habuerim (quasi ex Traduce) tacuisse? Erat enim cum Lectorem legere, Pleonasmus haberetur. Artis fuit apud illos, dissimulare Artem, munus suscipere, & cum Privilegio dormire. Implere autem (absit nomen) officium, ad industriam prodere, de posteris mereri male. Crediderim sane Ego, istud fuisse Muneris nostri Ingenium, ut (quod Pape solent) eorum virtutes essent cognonima, à quibus maximè distant: Proinde Rhetoris illi eligerentur, qui per totum Annum obmutescerent. Nec immerito, tam rari enim fuerunt, tam infrequentes Praelectores nostri, tam Seculares denique, ut nescio quibus possum praefari melius, quam illis Praconis; Venite ad Ludos, quos Nemo mortalium unquam vidit, nec visurus est postea. Sed nova hoc Anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, qui aliter ac Lectores solent, ad Canones & Statuta revocamur. Stamus indies, loquimur quotidie, & tam ancipiti Pulmonum virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Auditores ad Somnum adigamus, ad Somnum dixi? ad Horrorem potius, tanta enim percussi sunt metu, ut verendum sit, ne ad Pedagogos scripserint novitiam aliquam Haresin suppullulare, Babyloniam Meretricem in Rhetoricis Lenociniis Redivivam

divinam esse, & in Liberalibus Scientiis septicollem Bestiam. Ecquid amplius apud vos Papisticum? Immo quod pessimum est, Noctū & interdū Horas Canonicas observare Procancellarium. Quem non citius cum Honore nomino, quin eo despectenda videatur Oratio; cujus in Laudes tam alacris est mea Rhetorica, ut si semel undarent lora, vereor quod habenas non audirent denuo: quotus enim est Patronus Noster, qui Homines alioqui somnilentos, tanquam matutinus sol, Radiis ad Labores excitat. Qui ociari in Officio, aut dormire in aprico pudendum ratus non modò laborat, sed nostri Laboris est Artifex. Ita tandem quam Ipse exercet diligentiam felici contagione nobis affricat. Qui denique (& quod ego Palmarum ducò) Modestiam meam minus difficilem, in hodiernum vestrum raperet Obsequium. Vos intelligo (Senatus ampliss.) quibus quicquid Praeceptoris sum, refero acceptum; Quorum nescio an me Rhetorem elegerunt iudicia, an creaverunt Suffragia: Creaverunt dico (& satis cum audacia repeto) tot enim facunda voces in unum congestae, quem non Rhetorem effecissent? Quod igitur Poeta fabulantur, ad Pandorae Natalitia universum Deorum adfuisse Symbolum, ita in Rhetorica mea, & vestro unanimi consensu, invenietis exemplum. Quare quos Eloquentia mea (si qua sit) agnoscit Compates, non dubio quin usque habitura sit susceptores; ut eadem lubentia in Aures vestras refiliat, qua facili ex Pectore profecta est. Non pensabo in posterum imbecillitatem meam; qui omnia dedistis, dedistis & humeros, & ut absint alia,

satis est cum Aquila vestra militari. Refert Seneca, de pusillo quodam & monogrammato (ut sic dicam) homuncione, qui in Palastram ausus est descendere, quia pugiles multos, & strenuos servos domi aleret: si Servi tantum potnerint, si vicarii roboris confidentia, infirmum Sexum commasculare possit; Quid Domini facient? Et Ego in hunc Literarum pulverem possum irruere, non meo Mercurio, sed quoniam tam multos, & facundos habeam Dominos; non enim ad hoc Officium destinatus sum à dextro Vulture; non à sortibus; non ab imperito vulgo; seu (quod idem est apud Persas) binuienti Equorum armento; sed à Senatu vestro, scilicet (ut sobrie audax possum dicere) ab Oeconomico Literarum Concilio; quid enim non infra eorum dignitatem erit, quibus Artes omnes pro Satellitio; & conjurata veniunt in Clientelam scientiæ. Impos hic sui Rhetorica & Laudes vestras, ne anihela quidem Eloquentia adæquare potest. Particite (Auditores) si vos compellem frequens; ita enim subduxi rationem meam ad agendum, ut ubi nominaverim Troporum affatim, abunde Figurarum vestrum Memoria non evanesceret. Quod igitur Artis Memoriae Professores solent per ea quæ sunt ante oculos posita; alia quacunque Memoranda significare; Idem Auditores Meos Indoctos velim, ut in vos ora, & obtutus figant; & hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbolen; universam multitudinem, pro continuata Figurarum Allegoria imaginati; omnes colores, omnia Orationis Lumina, integram Rhetoricæ suppellectilem, per quandam Oculorum Metaphoram

ad se transferant. Jam (Auditores) cum eo deven-
tum est, ut vos omnes in volumen aliquod Rhetori-
cum compegerim; accipite in posterum Lecturum,
in prasens aliquid de Rhetorica dicendum censeo.
Neque tam felix argumentum, quale vos reputo;
nec prius reliquisssem, quam individuis Laudibus, vos
& Rhetoricam, semel, simulque commendarem.
Quid igitur ego, quin ut veterem illum Medela mo-
dum imitarer, Lapides aliquos in os injicerem? quos
nisi favor vester plusquam Chymicus in pretiosos ver-
terit: indigni erunt, qui in Auribus vestris, tam di-
sertis pendeant.

Age igitur Rhetorica, explica virtutes tuas, quas
Logica Philosophia, ceterisque suis sororibus soles
præponere: si tibi in eodem deesses Officio, quid aliud
quam fores sapiens, domi insanires? Atque hinc
optime Rhetorica Encomium auspicari possumus,
quod nativa sit ejus Pulchritudo: Cum in ceteris
nil nisi emptitium fucum deprehendas, scitum est illud
Phrynes Thebana commentum; Quæ cum Convivio
inter aequales interesset, & probe jam saburrata omnes
Ludis operam darent: Lex Lata est, ut quicquid fa-
cto prairet quævis subsequerentur cetera: ubi ad vices
Phrynes deventum est, poscit aquam, faciem lavat;
quod cum cetera fecissent pro imperio Legis, Phryne
pulchrior, (ut quæ sordes eluerat) cetera deformiores
(ut quæ fucum deterferant) apparere. Huc summa
redit. Deniq, Autographa est Rhetorum venustas, quæ
in ceteris est mutuatitia, fictitii sunt aliorum vul-
tus; cum nesciat Rhetorica qualis sit illa nova Pro-
sopopeia;

soporeia ; cetera scientia Magnates sunt Dominae,
 sed tanquam Dominae facies suas à pixide mutuan-
 tur. Ut enim ceteras taceam, quid Logica si ad Rhe-
 toricam comparata ? Contractus ille Pugnus, ad Co-
 lophos magis accommodatus, quam ad aures demul-
 cendas. Ubi vero in Palmam extendatur Rhetorica,
 non opus est ut dicam quantum potuerit ; cum Frater
 meus Logicus, nuper exemplo suo ostenderit : Quae
 igitur alias Artes deaurare solet alicrum laudibus,
 ut suis superbiat ? quae tanquam Danista, Eleganti-
 am foris locat usurariam ; iniquum esset, si non ipsa
 Sortem cum Fanore reciperet. Quanquam quidem
 Rhetorica non tam facultates scænorì apponit, quam
 tanquam Missilia in plebem scientiarum Regina dis-
 seminat. Hactenus quam dives Rhetorica in alienis
 oculis, videamus nunc quam opulenta sit in suis ; quod
 aut facilius fieret, utinam Thesaurarius ejus Cicero
 revivisceret ; Qui si toties de Rhetorica quoties de
 Consulatu gloriatus esset, & æque indefessum argu-
 mentum habuisset, & mitius ob superbiam vapularet.
 Hic ille Attica Helena rivalis : Hic Palladis Græ-
 ca Ulysses. Hinc illa Philosophi Lachrymæ, Rhetori-
 cam è Gracia transmutaturam. Quod enim Anto-
 nio Athenas proficiscenti Cives Minervam suam de-
 sponsarunt : Ideo pro Adulationis pœna Talentum
 pro dote coacti sunt numerare ; Idem in Ciceronem
 plenius ac vellent evenisse constat. Rhetoricam Prae-
 sidem Civitatis Deam, in uxorem duxit, & ubi à
 Pyrao omnem ejus Ornatum dotalem solveret, secum
 in Italiam transmutavit. Euge rediit Cicero, sal-

vete in Tusculano Athena! meliora Spolia, quam verna illa Jovi Feretrio consecrata. Aequalis fuit Ciceronis Copia, qualis ejus dicendi Tybur. Jure Romanus Nilus, quantum enim Eloquentia, vel in alitudinem exercuit, vel deferbuit, tantum facunda, vel sterilis, felix, vel misera exitit Italia. Quot Ille Coronas ob Cives, quot ob Provincias defundendas mernit? Qui cum duos Parricidio liberavit, (Roscium & Popiliam) ob unum in aeternum debuit vivere, omnium optima ratione; ob alterum mori, idque Popilii manu, in ejusdem cade Parricidium confessi. Hic tamen Cicero, facundia sponsus, hic (pace Bruti dixerim) Romanorum Rex, hic plusquam Caesar, perpetuus Dictator, ut divinum Rhetorica numen sacro quodam horrore agnosceret. In Orationem primordiis, singultibus (ut ait Comicus) & sorbilla victitavit. Vetus obtinuit Superstitio, ut ubi Luna pateretur eclipsin armorum strepitus, vel quilibet altus clangor, parturienti Numini, (sic enim credebant) obstetricari possit. Ubi laborat Respublica, ubi deliquium passura est Patrie, intercedat Rhetorica ut Lucina Juno, & suavissimo sonitu tumorem sedat. Tumultuetur plebs, secedit in Janiculum, ecquis prodit Jupiter Stator? Ecce Rhetor Agrippa, qui Fabula cujusdam de Ventre & Membris tintinnabulo, fugitivum examen ad praesepe redegit. Tantum Artificio valet habitus Oris: Senecam cum audiret Nero, quis aequaret ejus Quinquennium? ita facundus insidiatur Tyranno, & Animum ejus ad Vitia proclivem, furtiva Rhetorica in-

virtutem prodit; sanctissime reus Majestatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores Rhetorica jugum superfugiunt. Tonat Rhetorica? frustra sub lecto cubat Testudo Caligula. Fulgurat Rhetorica? frustra Lauro circundatur Tiberius, in isto circulo securus. Duplex enim est Rhetorica Genius: Bonus qui innocentes premiis afficit: Malus, qui scelerosos exagitat. Tam subtilis est ejus Suada, & hujus Terror, ut tanquam Fulmen terrebrans, salvis Corporum vaginis, ipsas animas liquefaciat. Quid ergo vobis Crassos, Lucios, & Caelios proponam? quorum illustrium Rhetorum tam numerosa sunt apud Historiam exempla, quam apud nos nulla. Nam si qua strigosa Oratio, sine sanguine, sine anima, Sententiis ad tertium Lapidem porrecta hac (si placet) est Ciceroniana; pudendum nominis Sacrilegium! & cujus in vindictam miror facundos manes non resurgere, novas scripturos Philippicas; sed ecce alius Ciceronis insons; qui perspicuum & simplicem Styllum implicate loquitur, & in enigmate. Ut si Persei Carmina in Prosam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis resolveret. Anima inepta! & qua neminem Oratorem prater Sphingem monstrum; neminem Auditorem prater Oedipum adsciscerent. Tertius prodit, uterque neuter; qui ambabus sellis sedet, qui omnia dicendi genera deperit: cujus Oratio (tanquam ac Rhetorica metamorphosin institueret) per omnes stylos divagatur: Ubi interim Musarum Castitas? Adulter est iste stylus, qui rem habet cum pluribus, & maxima Oratorum Laus est

est aquum, & Integritas. Sed prohi stupor! Egone, ut Rhetorica Encomium moliar, & Oratorem nostrum Publicum pratermittam? cuius nomen cum Demosthene triplicare, est Rhetoricam ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hic Incola est, non Hospes, unde non magis illam divellas, quam solem è Cælo, aut Justitiam è Fabritio. Ille Decus sua, & gloria nostra Gentis. Qui cum Orator est, & Græcus Professor; pari Jure quo Cæsar, Consules nominari possit Academia, Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator, qui Ambidexter: In quo bina Linguae unum Elegantiæ jugum trahunt. Refert Seneca, de quodam, qui cum bis in die declamasset, Græce, & Latine, & sciscitaretur quidam quomodo perorasset, tulit Responsum, Bene, Καλῶς, bene Latine, perperam Græcè: Dictum non minus lepidum, quam hodie verum. Quam multi enim Literati, sunt Ἀντιπολίῳι? Quot Eloquentes, Νηπιῶι? Plures Cicerones, (pauci licet) quam Demosthenes. Incipiat sane Rhetoricus à Latinis, sed adolescat à Græcis: Græcia à Latinis mutuetur Calendas; sed Idus apponat suas: Qui enim in solis Latinis est exercitatus, est Polyphemus Monoculus, pene dixeram, ἑτῆς Rhetoricus. Possum (Auditores) ad Cathedram ascendere, & ibi etiam quomodo sedet Rhetorica, demonstrare. Sed pingere duos Angues, sacer est Locus: vel si fas esset ejus laudes attingere, attingere esset Religio; ita enim in illo divino Professore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nec habet, unde cum Posteris pro Labore & Vigiliis decidat.

Huc

Hucusque quasi eminus verba feci. Tempus est, ut cum Auditoribus meis omnibus agam. Moris enim est, Librum nominare, & sic pro hoc Anno satisfecisse: sed illud quicquid est muneris reliquum, in Termini proxime inuentis exordium differam. Ubi tamen spero Auditores meos non affuturos; nam si nullo alio modo vos deterrere possim, legam Arabicè. O invidendam Praeceptoris solitudinem! Cujus in individuo, coelesti admodum, Univerſa Species Arabica (quantum ad nos spectat) conſervatur: quod si mea Gratia Auditores essent, & Ego contra Me fistam Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod nostrum est, usque Nobis Grati erimus. Rhetorica & Honori vestro, pariter incumbemus; Ita enim Commodum nostrum, & Observantia nostra, mutuo Nexu obligantur, ut quo quisque erimus magis Rhetores; eò Munificentia vestra magis Memores.

J. Cleaveland

Mr. Cleaveland's Rhetorick Oration.

WHether my long continued silence, or the Oration which I shall now pronounce, will prove the more evincing testimony of the extensiveness and magnificency of your obligations upon me, considering the inequality of my retahation, I am altogether insensible. Modest silence subscribes to her own inability, and in so deep an engagement bath fixt her resolutions on a retreat, rather then weakly to stammer out your favours. Silence is injurious to benefits of the
lower

lower sphere that admit of requital, but in those of the higher, it merits applause; yet a cold acknowledgement of benefits receiv'd, and a mouth seal'd up, march together in the same rank of Estimation; but in this fault you may perceive my singular respect: For whilest others are industrious about a retribution suitable to those favours you have been pleased to confer upon them, yet your benefits and their thanks may be linked together in a loving concatenation: I onely congratulate the omission of my thankfulness, for the lower I sink under your accumulated favors, the more famous I judge my self for my infamy. Thanks and benefits poiz'd in an equal scale, the former through their levity will mount, and their proper ridiculousness will contribute much to the splendor and solidity of your benefits; wherefore if you expect an ingenious remuneration, slacken the violent speed of your accustomed liberality. Gratitude is Courtesies Eccho, which though it can faintly reiterate a single word, yet it grows mute ere it reach the middle of a long-winded sentence. Benefits (that are as I may say) monosyllables, we can with facility retaliate, but in those of the first magnitude, (of which rank yours are) we are non-plust at the first or second syllable; therefore I challenge your candor into the field, though the end I aim at therein is to be vanquished. Thanks and Favors make a Skirmish, that the Fight may crown the Victory with the

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greater renown. He that voluntarily exposeth himself to the enemy, envies his honour: More fame is obtained from a captivated, then from a surrendring enemy uncompelled; and a conquered Orator is a more noble trophy to crown your Munificence, than a faint-hearted silence: But what prompted me to ascend the Chair, when I can prove Silence hæreditary, even from my Ancestors? so that now I presume (with reverence to prescription) necessity claps a lock upon my mouth. There was a time when 'twas accounted a Solœcism for a Lecturer to read; and the greatest piece of an Artist was to counterfeit Art; accept of the place, and then they might keep Holiday *cum privilegio*, but as to the discharging of their particular duties, (not a word of that :) And to deal ingenuously with you, they employed their care and study in rendring themselves odious to posterity. For my own particular part, I conceited it the knack of their employment to ape those of the Porphyry chair, that had the names of those vertues imposed on them as Sirnames, from which they were most averse; so they were Lecturers elected, that took up a firm resolution to undergo the penance of a Twelve-moneths silence. Nor was it undeservedly, for there was so small a number of Lecturers (one probably in an Age) that I know not whose words I can more suitably make use of to this purpose; than the old Roman Criers, Come unto Playes, which no man breathing

breathing ever beheld, or can say 'tis possible we may see them again. But this year enters accompanied with a new Mode among Lecturers; for we (not like those that did precede us in the office) must subscribe to Canons and Statutes. We muster daily, we declaim every day, and that with so faint a voice, that we force the Pulpit to vigilancy, and our Auditors to sleep: to sleep did I say? Nay rather we terrifie them; for fear doth so predominate, that 'tis credibly reported, some Fresh-men have made a discovery of a modern Heresie to their *School-Tutors*, that the Whore of *Babylon* is revived, and to be found in alluring rhetorick, and that the seven-headed monster lurks in the seven Liberal Sciences. What more Popery among you? And that which is worst of all, is, that the Vice-Chancellor himself observes Canonical hours day and night: whom I no sooner (with reverence) mention, but methinks I am obliged, to turn the current of my speech towards him, on whose Applause my Rhetorick doth so flourish and is so sprightly, that if once I should give it bridle enough, 'twould scorn the check or curb ever after. What a worthy Patron have we, that like the early Sun with his Oriental Rayes, raiseth men (naturally loving to sleep away the fat morning) to commendable exercises, who judging it a shame to be careless in an employment, or lazy in the publick view of the World, doth not onely labor himself, but propose unto us our

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par-

particular task, so that at length by a kind of happy contagion, we have catcht part of that diligence which he himself exercised. Lastly, he it was (permit me to boast of it) that compelled my modesty (not altogether averse) from your service in this dayes performances. I mean you (most renowned Senatè) to whom I hold my self devoted for that slender ability that enables me to march through this Office. Nor can I determine whether their judgements did choose, or their suffrages create me an Oratour, (create I say) and dare repeat it without a blush; for whom could not so many voices united together, make a Rhetorician. What therefore the Poets fictitiously affirm of *Pandora*, that all the Gods embellished her birth with their respective liberality; the same you shall finde moralized in my Rhetorical style, & your general approbation; nor do I question but that those whom my Eloquence (if I dare boast of any) termes God-fathers, will be ready to make a reply to any person in defence thereof, and their eares will drink it in, as eagerly as it proceeded freely from me. For the future, I shall bring a demur to my plea of my own imbecillity; since those that imposed the burthen have likewise provided shoulders that may bear't without prejudice; 'tis satisfactory enough that I have the honor to fight under your banner. 'Tis reported by *Seneca* of a certain cowardly illiterate fellow, that he had the confidence to enter the Ring, prompted

ed to it by this insufficient, though seeming reason, because he entertained many valiant Persons and Champions in his family. If servants are so powerful, if the perswasion of a substituted prowess could infuse gallantry into a coward, what can Masters do? And I my self may enter the Lists of Literature, not as confiding in my peculiar ability, but because I am honoured with many Masters, and those Masters of Eloquence too: For 'twas not the kinde influence of my better Stars upon me, or chance; or the apoplectick multitude (or as the Persian terms it) the neighing of a horse, that threw this employment upon me, but your Senate (whom I can soberly, and dare confidently style) *The Muses Privy-Council*. For what is there that dare claim a parity with their honour, that have all Arts, as Yeomen of their Guard, and whose Patronage all Sciences united in a loving association, do implore? Rhetorick is here at a loss, nor can a pthysical expression reach the height of your due desert. Pardon me (Auditors) if I am frequent in compellation, my design is onely to fortifie your memories, whilst I am discoursing with swarms of Tropes, and legions of Figures. And as those that profess to understand the Art of Memory, endeavour and make it their business to remember all things by those that are in sight, so would I advise such of my Auditours that are of mean intellectuals, stedfastly to fix their eyes upon you, and supposing one to be a

Metonymy, the other an Hyperbole, and the compleat number a continued Allegory of Figures: by a certain kinde of Metaphor of the eye, they may conveigh to themselves all the ename-lings, all the irradiations the Tongue is Mistress of; nay further, they may even rifle *Suada's* Wardrobe. And now (Auditors) since the Case stands so, that I should make a general Invitation to the Table of some Rhetoricians, rely upon me for the future in reference to Lectures; at present 'tis my intention to maintain a Discourse of Rhetorick, nor do I conceit this so pleasing an Argument as I judge you to be. Nor dare I so much as entertain the thought of the Epilogue, till I have extoll'd both You and Rhetorick with individual praises, and concatenated commendations. What therefore should I do, but trace the old method of Chyrurgery, put stones into my mouth, which unless your favour by a more than Chymical operation, transmute into precious, they will be too sordid and unworthy Pendants for your curious ears. Go on therefore, Rhetorick, and expose the peculiar Eminency which you accustomedly marshal before Logick, Philosophy, and the rest of that Consanguinity, to publick view. If you should now falter in your own cause, what were it but to be industrious in the management of others, and remiss in your own negotiations? and from this Topick we may lawfully derive the Exordium of Rhetorica's Panegyrick; Her beauty

ty is innate and material, when all that the other Arts and Sciences can boast of, is nothing but an acquisition, fucus, or paint. There is not the meanest capacity of the Gowned Tribe, but can give an exact Relation of *Phryne* the *Thebaness*, who being at a Banquet with a company of Ladies of her own stamp, after they had taken their leaves of a running Banquet of Sweet-meats, began to indulge their Genius, and dedicate the time to Jollity: it happens that a Law was enacted, that whatsoever one did exemplarily, the residue of the convened Ladies should imitate: *Phryne* calls for water, washes her face, and thereby addes a lustre to her natural comeliness, but the water washing off the additional Tincture from the rest of the Ladies, rais'd a question whether or no they could ever lay claim to any thing that deserved the term of beauty. And thus it falls out among us; for (I affect brevity) other Arts have but the Copy, Rhetorick claims Beauty or Ornament *ab origine*. The Complexions of the rest are fictitious, but Rhetorick alone is a stranger to the Spanish wool, or any other wash or tincture. The other Sciences are Ladies (forsooth) & those not of the meanest rank neither; for like the Courtizano's of the times, they understand the whimfie of borrowing Complexions from their Box. But to name no more, what is Logick, if admitted into competition with Rhetorick, but a hand contracted into a menacing fist, and fitter

to cuff, then to ensnare the ears of an Auditory! But 'twill be impertinent for me to display the efficacy of Rhetorick, when it accosts all persons with an open salutation, since my Brother the Logick Lecturer, hath lately manifested by his peculiar person, and example. What a great deal of complacency may she have in the consideration of the renown and fame due to her, that can out of her own stock furnish you Applause that can guild over the Tribe of all Arts and Sciences? 'Twere an injury inexpressible, for any person to entertain such a thought as this, that she that Usurer like, puts out Elegancy to use, should not have a restitution of the Principal, and that with interest. Though to speak congruously, *Rhetorica* lends not out her treasure upon loan, but like a Queen liberally scatters them here and there, according to the dictamen of her own fancy, among those Sciences that know no place of residence, but the lower Sphere. Hitherto we have taken into consideration that part of the Estate of Rhetorick which she intrusts into other hands; let us now examine her Exchequer, and view what Cash she has that lies there dormant: and that our scrutiny might be the more effectual, I could wish her grand Lord Treasurer *Cicero* capable of a Resurrection, who had he been as discursive of Rhetorick, as he was of the Consulship, he had made choice of as tiresome an Argument, and had compounded for his superciliousness at a lower rate.

He

He was the Rival of Athenian *Helena*, the *Ulysses* of Grecian *Minerva*; hence stream'd the tears of the Philosopher, because *Rhetorick* was taking her flight from the *Attik* confines. And as the Athenians did espouse their *Minerva* to *Mark Anthony* approaching their City, and as a penalty for their flattery, were compelled to deposite a Talent for her Dowry, so even *Cicero* met with the same success, though more plentifully, than suited with their intentions. He married *Rhetorica* the Goddess Guardian of the City, and as soon as he received her dotal ornaments from *Pyreus*, they both set sail for *Italy*. Avant *Cicero* safely returned from thy travels! Welcome *Athens* to *Tullies Tusculanum*! These are more glorious spoils, then those of old, consecrated to *Jupiter Feretrius*. He was a *Tybur* in copiousness of invention, as well as in the fluency of elocution: He may deservedly be termed the *Romans Nile*; for as his Eloquence did flow or ebb, *Italy* was fruitful or barren, happy or miserable. How many triumphal Crowns might his merit challenge from the Citizens? How many wreaths of Laurel from the subjugated Provinces? who protecting two persons from the punishment due to that black crime *Parricide*, viz. (*Roscins* and *Popilius*) for the safe-guard of the one, in the judgement of all rational men, he deserved to live eternally, and for the other to dye, and that by the hand of *Popilius*, who at the very instant of *Tullies* butchering

confessed the Parricide. Yet this *Cicero* was the Bridegroom of Eloquence; nor shall I blush to call him (with the permission of *Brutus*) King of the *Romans*; he that far transcended *Cesar*, as to the perpetuity of his Dictatorship. This very person, that he might manifest his Devotion to the Deity of Rhetorick, with a certain kind of sacred horror, 'twas his custom to cloath the Exordium of his Oration with sighs (and as the Comœdian hath it) with fainter expirations. 'Twas an ancient Chymæra, hatcht in the brains of our Heathenish Predecessors, confirmed with a strong belief, that the clattering of Arms, or any other obstreperous drumming, does perform the Office of a Midwife, and deliver the Moon in eclipse from her childe-bed throes. So when a Commonwealth lies under-heavy pressures, when a Nation draws near a Catastrophe, let Rhetorick intercede like *Tuno Lucina*, and with her delicious harmony she will assuage the tumor. If the Commonalty mutiny, away goes she and stops the breach, and every one returns to his *quondam* Allegiance. Let your consideration reflect upon *Agrippa* the Rhetorician awhile, and you shall finde that by the relation of a certain Fable concerning the Belly and its fellow Members, he reduced a fugitive Swarm to their forsaken Hive, so prevalent is Elocution assisted by additional artifice. When *Nero* was under the tuition of *Seneca*, who could parallel him, during his quinquennial pupillage?

So

So dexterously did the eloquent Philosopher en-
 snare the Tyrant, and by his Rhetorical insinua-
 tions, so narrowly did he pry into his disposition,
 shaping his minde in the mould of Vertue, that
 was naturally propense to all enourmous vices,
 that he might be said to be guilty of a most pious
 treason. Nor can Kings or Emperours shake off
 the yoke of Rhetorick. Doth Rhetorick thunder?
 in vain doth that snail *Caligula* expect security
 from that slender Canopy of a Bed. Doth Elo-
 cution lighten? The Coronet of Laurel that kis-
 seth the Temples of *Tiberius*, will prove but a
 weak, imaginary defence. For the Genius of
 Rhetorick is of two sorts; Good, liberally accu-
 mulating rewards on the heads of innocent per-
 sons; Bad, recompensing the wicked with tor-
 tures: so subtile is the Suada of the one, and the
 terroure of the other, that like lightning it melts
 the very souls of some men, without prejudice to
 the scabbard of their body, To what end there-
 fore, should I propose to your serious considera-
 tion the *Craffi*, *Lucii*, or *Cælii*, of which famous
 Rhetoricians History can furnish you with innu-
 merable Examples, though there be a great penu-
 ry of them among us. For if you meet with the
 very Skeleton of an Oration, void of Blood and
 life, stufte with such Cart-rope expressions, as are
 longer than the memory of man can fathom, this
 (with your leave) is Ciceronian. This is such a
 sacriledge committed on his name, as would put
 any

any man to the blush, and makes me admire, that his eloquent Ghost starts not up from his silent Urn, prompting him to pen modern *Philippus*, in revenge of this foul indignity. Another sort there is, that without prejudicing *Tully*, follows a facil, home-spun style, and that ænigmatically too, as if he had maimed *Persius* his Verses, and Anagrammatically reduced them into Prose, Smattering Sciolists! And such, as seek for no Orator but a *Sphinx*, nor any Auditor but an *Oedipus*. There is yet a third, that stands as Neutral between the two pre-mentioned, and yet sides with both; one that destroyes Elocution, whose Oration (as if Rhetorick intended to introduce a Pythagorean Metempsychosis) rambles through all sorts of styles. Where in the interim is their endeavor to preserve the Muses chastity? That style is adulterate that embraceth a plurality; for the greatest commendation of an Orator, is equity and integrity. But, oh stupidity! Am I the person appointed about the Encomium of Rhetorick, and shall I pretermitt our University Oratour? To repeat whose name thrice with *Demosthenes*, is to give an essential Definition of Rhetorick: Oratory is a stranger to others, in him no guest, but an inhabitant; and you may as well rob the Heavens of its grand Luminaries, or wrest Justice from *Fabritius*, as cause a Divorce between the one and the other. He is the Ornament of his own, and the Glory of our Nation; who

who being both Oratour and Greek Professour, may be as equitably styled University Orators, as *Cesar* Consuls. For he is the true Oratour, that is an Ambidexter, in whom two Languages are harnessed to draw the single Chariot of *Rhetorica*. 'Tis a relation indebted to *Seneca* for its being, that a certain person having declaimed twice in one day, in Greek, and Latine, 'twas demanded how he performed this double Office, replied thus, *Bene, καλῶς*; laudibly in Latine, meanly in Greek; a Sentence no less facillious, than at this day true: For how many literate persons are there, illiterate? How many, how many eloquent in the Latine, il-loquent in the Greek? There are more *Cicero's* (though not many) than *Demosthenesses*. Whereas indeed a Rhetorician owes his first rudiments to the Latine; yet for his adolescence or maturity, he is indebted to the Greek; Let *Greece* borrow the Roman Calends, and *Rome* make an Addition of her own Ides; for he that is onely exercised in the Latine tongue, is a *Polyphemus*, I had almost said a single-ey'd person, no Rhetorician. I could methinks ascend the *Cathedra*, and demonstrate unto you in what majesty she there sits; but I dare not presume to approach, 'tis holy ground; yet if it might be permitted to descant upon her deserved Applause, I would religiously make use of that Advantage. For Rhetorick hath so prodigally strewed her flowers on that more than humane

humane Professor, that she hath nothing left to invite succeeding Ages to studious lucubrations. I have hitherto spoke to you as it were at a distance; 'tis now time for me to draw my Discourse to a period, for 'tis the custom to name the Authour onely, and that years work is over: But what part soever it is of my duty that remains unofficiated, I shall defer to the beginning of the next ensuing Term; at which time I hope to see never an Auditor; for if nothing will deter you, I will read in Arabick. O the solitude of our Lecturer, deserving emulation! in whom as in an almost coelestial Individuum, the whole species of Arabick (for ought we know) is preserved. But if for my sake there will be an Auditory, and I declaim against my self, we will both perform our duty, till we become mutually acceptable, equally endeavouring the Advancement of Rhetorick, and your Honour; for there is such a Reciprocal Obligation between our Commodity and Observance, that the greater proficiency we make in Rhetorical Studies, we shall be the more sensible of your Munificence.

John Cleaveland.

1746immer



Midsummer Moon :

O R,

LUNACY RAMPANT.

Being an University Character, and a
short Survey of some of the late
Fellows of the Colledges.

IS *Bedlam* seven stories high, or Sir *T. T.* his
gouty Leg Wire-drawer? his head is shot up,
as if he would onely converse with the Prince
o'th' Air, and what we mistake for the Man i'th'
Moon, is but a piece of him. He's an *Index ex-*
purgatorius in the largest folio, or was intended
for Hoops for the Tun at *Hiedelberg*: you may
take him for the 119. Psalm, lashing the Executi-
on of a whole University, or the Pinnacle from
which the Devil would break the neck of it. 'Tis
a sufficient Argument of *C. C.*'s death to see this
May-pole set up in *Oxford*. *Dido* with his hyde
might have had ground enough for her *Carthage*,
without slicing it into Leashes. He's a Monopoly
of Steeples, and as often as he sounds, the Bell
goes out for some deceased Scholar: *Babels* are
erected for confusion.

His red Nose is perchd like a Beacon flaming
on

on a Mountain : Nature when she forged it, forgot to quench it. *W. W.* surrendred to it for a flag of Defiance. *I. I.* for a red Lattice, and one-ly submitted to an Ale-house. The Scarlet whore of *Babylon* spawn'd it with her menstruous *profuviums*. 'Twas painted with the blood of a witch, when she morgaged her self. The single sight of it made *Sedgwick* dream of *Dooms-day*, and the second destruction of the world by fire. Such vessels are broacht, when villanies ratifie their conspiracies in Sacraments of Blood. If there be such an *Aetna*, such a Purgatory aloof, what's the *Demogorgon* the Hell ith' Center ? The spirits which ascend from so hot a Limbeck, have converted his brains to sulphur, and made him nothing but an unruly squib. He's as prodigiously furious, as if he had been bolted out of the Monkes pot when he invented Gun-powder, or his Mother limb'd by the Devil shot from a Cannon. He was begot i'th' Dog-dayes, or at Michaelmas, when his Dam went to Rut. The *Hecuba* when she conceived this *Paris*, dreamt of wild-fire : His Nurse was a Blear-eyed Hound, *Run-wood*; and his Native soil the *Antipodes* to the *Anticyra*. His Sire ingendered him in an Itch beyond the cure o'th' Brimstone which ruin'd *Sodom*; you may take him for a Spanish-Jennet, begot by a whirle-winde, or a tempest rais'd by a Conjuror, or all *Aeolus* bag'd up and sold by a Laplander for shipwracks: he ruminates on nothing but his *Salisbury* chaines, and

and his breaking loose from 'um, and therefore 'tis his continual business either to imprison or expel; yet *Mahomet's* disease must be a Divine Rapture: in his paralytick fit he converses with *Gabriel*; shuffle him with the rest oth' visitors, and he comes forth like mad *Orestes*, switch'd on by Furies to kill his Mother the University. Brutish *Ajax*, because he's a beast himself, wallows i'th' goare of his fellow Greeks, and thinks 'em Swine. The *Cannibal* swears Mummie's Bacon. He differs from an ordinary *Tom of Bedlam*, as a wilde wolf from a tame one, or *Rome* on fire from *Nero's* fiddle: sure he's *Don Quixoted*, takes the Colledge for an Enchanted Castle, the fellows for Giants, *W. W. Ink*— and *L. L.* for three distressed damsels. He sweeps the House clean, that his fairy tenants may dance to him with mony: his phrensy flames higher, because 'tis sprinkled with a little Reason, as women paint themselves into wrinkles and ugliness. His Blood rides the Round-post, or dances the Morrice thorough him, and so makes him giddy. His scull is a mear nest of Hornets, which sting into him their own waspishness; this makes the mad Ban-dog snap at all he meets. This new Judge (without the Kings writ) is the prime Bencher at Condemnation, but usually removed at the Execution, and kills with his weekly Bill as secretly as the Plague: still like a mad dog, which (they say) never barks. He wounds at further distance than the stars can bless: this
long

long bor'd Murthering-piece will carry destruction point blank from *Petworth* to *Oxford*. *C. C.* in an University out-rifles *Cromwell* in an Abbey. The devil is busiest i'th' Church. *Picket-Hatch* ne're was visited, *Turnbal-street* needs no Reformation.

C. C. among the Visitors is a Mountebank extraordinary with four Zanies, or blustering *Aoles* with his Cardinal winds. This purger is the only Scammory, the rest some milder Simples, *Rhubarb* and *Sene*: one indeed is all honey and manna dropt from Heaven, but kept till 'tis mouldy and stinks. This Sugar-cane, this Possiet, and Caudle-Visitor, with his Marmalade quagmire, his blather'd Puff-paste, Liquorish Rate Stubs the second, are the Universities Tooth-drawers, and will leave no more Scholars than themselves have Guns; These Figs and Almonds rot the University, while *C. C.* like *Aqua Fortis* corrodes it, and yet the Cormorant can be dainty too; Doctors and Seniors are too tough for continual cramming, he must have Batchelors of Art, and Rabbits, Under-graduates, and Chickens; Master Commoners, and Pheasants. *Domitian* gorg'd with men, wantons with flies afterwards. He runs himself off his legs the first dayes journey, and like a Brewer tuns once a week. Though he rides Poste, yet he must have his Stages: The dimmallest Tragedy is cauttelled into Acts; sure he hath got a Mathematical trick to make so ma-

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ny Turks, and then by his *Hocus Pocus* Arithmetique juggle them over-board: Yet the Visitors like their Harbingers the last New Diary, murder the best. Among Moors, Blacks are the Beauties. C.C. good Church-man (like Altars) protects the guilty onely. He thinks others breath corrupted, when 'tis the reflected rancour of his own; like *Seneca's* wife's fool struck with a sudden blindness, imputed it to the darkness of the room. You would scarcely believe he should have any Profelytes, but that some have worshipped *Caco-Demons*, and Asses yet kneel to *Mahomet*. Dirt will submit to be trampled on; good ingenious souls confess themselves sufficiently vicious, and are thought worthy Heaven, because they boast no merit. But C.C. admits them as Politicians do Jews, to use their Udlaries, or *Romulus* his Assylum, Courtiers to lord over them, else why should the Muscovite worship painted images, and reject carved ones? why should my Lady expose her childe, and nurse her dog? Be divorced from her Lord, and wanton with her Catamite Monkey? But alas, a slip may break a sober mans neck, whiles drunkards tumble and have no hurt. A Privy-Councillor is scarce secure in his dream: my Lord of *Pembroke* and *Archy* can never speak Treason. Ugly Cubs are most lickt, and the Changling's still the Dilling: In Martyrdom the best must to the stake, and who so fit to be Pilgrims as the Holy? If there be any left

in the Hive, it will be Drones; *C.C.*'s thirst drains the Liquor, the Lees would choke him. Thus of *Theophrastus* Characters, the vices onely survive, the vertues are expelled the world.

C.C. and *Dr. B.B.* differs as the Colledges good and bad Genius, as a Wizard and a Prophet, or the Dipt-horse in *Cornwall* and a Christian. He succeeds the Doctor as *Caligula's* Horse did the deceased Senator, or as the Apocrypha doth the Old Testament, and *Toby* and his dog *Moses* and *Aaron*; Thus Innocents day pursues Christmas, a damn'd Massacre at the heels of a blest Nativity: nor can *Herod* persecute Innocency without murdering *St. John's*: Every meal he carves the President, at every Course the Baptists head is disht for him; and yet (unless the Merchant-Taylors prove Almoners) perhaps he may be devoured by his Collegiate vermine.

St. Johns looks like *Scylla's* shield, so many expelled pieces, so many wounds: 'tis reform'd into its primitive purity, and turn'd into the Baptists desert. The whole University resembles *Greece* over-run by Turkes, or *Italy* Goth'd and Vandal'd: It looks like the world purg'd by a deluge and destruction. *Delos* is turn'd Errant at *Apollon's* death, as it was at his birth. Colledges are converted into Hospitals, Lodges for Diseases, scab'd heads and crutches, 'tis the onely expulsive Crime here, to be wholesome.

For how should *C. C.* be a Reformer, unless as

an Atheist makes a Pope *Pius*? as Winter brings the Halcyon, or dead Beer makes *Aqua vite*: He is a Strainer, retains all the dregs, and clarifies the University, as Milk and whites of Eggs doth Ippocras: thus sinks and common-shores are the best Scavengers. Dirt is sometimes a good Fuller, and filthy Soap the onely Landerefs. Miraculous *C. C!* clay and spittle shall be a Collyrium for the Kingdoms eye.

• He hath sullied the University, and will lucker in washing it, the Mountebank gives out it is poisoned, that he may Quack in curing it. Thus *Oxford* like the *H.* at *W.* is noted to be reformed by those that foul'd it.

But perhaps man must forfeit Paradise for too much knowledge, and Scholars pish (like the old Bishop) for discerning the Visitors to be Truths and Laws *Antipodes*. Is the University pinch'd, and therefore must change shifts! or are men turn'd out (like the Israelites out of *Egypt*) for being scabby? because *C. C.* itches, must all smart? The Pope excommunicates the King of *Spain* on one day, and restores him the next: *C. C.* hath his Maunday-Thursday, but the Good-Friday's Popery. Extreame may concenter, *Rolph* and a Jesuite are both *Ravillac's*; *C. C.* and *C. A.* (his blasphemous adversaries second) can covenant in mischiefs, as Humiliations and Thanksgivings conspire to ruine the Kingdom, or *Naseby* Field and the Butchers dog to worry *S.* But he would

have us mistake an Hangman for an Angel, and kifs his lightning because 'it comes from Heaven. Indeed he goes to Church, but like the devil, 'tis to tempt; each prayer devours a widowed Colledge, each bend pistols a Scholar, he never preaches but 'tis the Universities Funeral Sermon; his Doctrines and Motives are meer Proscriptions, and he'll murther a whole Colledge with a Use of Consolation: His Reformation hath got him more than the Work of ten Talents got *Aristotle*: This one word hath cost him more than would have purchased the *Sybils* books and Prophet too. Beggars sell their ulcers at the rate of Diamonds; but though he excommunicates, it must be still the Pope and his Holiness. 'Tis his faith removes the University, as the Publick Faith the silver Mountains of *Guild-hall*; and *Xerxes* levell'd *Athos* through the worlds credulity. But this Kennel-raker, this Jakes-farmer, is dirty onely on week dayes. O the scarcity of a Sunday Pudding! And yet perhaps the Sabbatical River is no better than prophane *Isis*. Turks have their Sabbath, and not onely a monethly fast, but a fast for a moneth. But C C. is a double Turk; Capt. *Pfeffer Francke* is both *Mufti* and *Agatoo*.

Thus is *Oxford* at last reformed into *Algiers*, haunted with Pyrates, where Janizaries are the onely Favorites: what to others is an Inquisition, is to these a shrift. These are the onely converts, because the onely sinners: some are expell'd for just

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just Oaths, others are dandled for lewd perjury; like the Priest that lost his Benefice for having a wife, and was retrived when she was proved his whore. But CC. (like *Romulus*) is the son of heaven, when no man will own the Brat, a God must father it. He's a Libel and an Ordinance, hath never a Sire, and yet perhaps an hundred. His mother sure hackneyed her self to one of the Guard, or the Great Porter on a Masque night, and so conceived this Hypocrite: had he kept within his Pulpit, the lower part of the Minotaur might have skulkt undiscovered, but when he would be a Bastard President too, a *Perkin Warbeck*, Doctor B. (like *Alexander* ambitious to be a God) he proved himself a by-blow.

C C. with his precious Triumvirate thinks himself the Emperor with his three spiritual Electors, or the Pope with his triple Crown. He looks like wilde *March* borrowing three dayes of *April*: These are forsooth the three Children (or *Pluto's* three Furies) whom no flames can blister. All three are o'th' Progeny of *Noah*, drunk; their Mothers long'd for Wort, they were born in a Brew-house, and Christned in a Stand of Ale. They are onely three Spunges posselt, and submit to the upper and lower houses, as Representatives of the Buttery and Cellar. Certainly they are entertained Gospellers, because they have drunk away their Bibles. I might as well In—were a Nightingale, because he hath lost his

his tongue. Mothes and Worms are acquainted with more Authors, and Parrots are better Linguists. Latine's not the language of these beasts, nor have they any thing of Greek, but drunkenness and lying. Hebfew to them is Welsh, they reel sufficiently of themselves, they need not study to go backward. Their souls are blanks sufficient to write new modled Preachers in. *Tiresias* could not foresee any thing till he was blinde.

In — has one property of a Scholar, poverty; you would take him for *Countrey Tom* broke loose from the Gallows. If a man be a Tree invers'd, he's *Beggars-bush*. He was born in Lent at a Coursing, and sent into the world with Sippets: he is sunk below the Ward-robe of dung-hills, and the use of Paper-mills. He must tick with *Charon*, and have his Epitaph writ in Chalk: By his maggot-eaten face, you'd swear he had been raised out on's grave, with all his Worms about him to bait Eel-hooks: you may compare C. C. to the Chymists *Aqua Stygia*, and him to their *Terra damnata*. He'l shortly be a Baptist without a voice, and wheezes already, as if he had fed on nothing but Locusts and Grasshoppers.

C. C. and W. W. look like *Mahomet*, and his pigeon, or my Lord of *Pembroke* and *M. O.* had every bird their feathers off him, he would be of the same callow Livery with In—: He hates all Books, because he is so much i'th' Mercers; and without a strong Antidote, will die of Gall and Copperis:

Copperis: He's as much in ink, as In—in chalk, the one is all in mourning, the other in's winding-sheet. His Brother and he drinks Duels; yet both, like their thirst, are still immortal; though the Sea they have drunk would have made stage enough for the Battle of *Lepanto*, yet his brother may be dead drunk at last; he looks like tiffany already, brimstone & hell wil have 'em shortly: *Mars* must have his *Venus*, & his salt *Nancy Lewis* duckt, looks like the seaborn goddess. CC. can't expel him farther then *Boccardo*. nor any Colledge so fit for him as where C. C. is President; and who be those Goal-birds were ever broil'd to Christen him so? what baseness would submit to the scorn of prisoners? who would be a slave to a penny Ballad?

Lo—submitted to CC's sanguine Promontory for fear of a bloody nose, he may be steer'd with any Rudder: you may hang him in a single thred, and use him instead of a Bobbin to weave Bone-lace: this Rabbet-sucker would submit to a Ferret, and is scarce fit to be a fellow of a Warren: He would adore a Reformer, though he were a Chimney-sweeper, and go bare to *Pidgson* as willingly as to CC. A well grown spider might be his President; *Whittingtons* Cat Lord Major over him. He cannot go alone yet, but is carried on his fathers sleeve like a Faulconers Hawk: he'll damn himself lest he should be whipt, and be pincht, because his father hath covenanted, like the fellow who would not be a Christian, because
all

all his friends were gone to Hell before him.

O that Lice should be humane off-spring as well as men! but the happiest Mothers may have abortions. The Kings Image is sometimes stamp'd on Lead, and Natures Mint coynes Monsters. As this Ostracism proves the University a true *Athens*, so some Apostates make her a Heaven.

Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit.

The Epitaph on Mr. John Cleaveland.

WHo with true fire a Just Poetick rage
Did scourge the Furies of this cursed Age;
Who with a single thrust of Rapier'd Wit
Made Tyrant, Traytor, Kirk, and Scot submit:
In spite of Fate though our great wits have said,
The Nine with his Muse liv'd, with him are dead.
He's rais'd aloft from his immortal Urn,
His Constellated Zeal afresh doth burn,
With his Revengeful Torch, looks from his sphere,
Still darts Satyrick Quills that stab vice here.

W. Winstanley.

F I N I S.

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